

# Silver Screen

REFLECTING the MAGIC  
of HOLLYWOOD

Edited by  
RUTH WATERBURY

JUNE

21  
10¢



JOHN  
ROLSTON  
CLARKE

Ann  
Harding

IS  
GARBO  
BOOMED?

Nancy  
Carroll's  
Life Story







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*to blend with your complexion*

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**DIX**

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From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

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**R A D I O P I C T U R E S**

SILVER SCREEN for JUNE 1931



VOLUME  
ONE  
NUMBER  
EIGHT

# Silver Screen

JUNE  
NINETEEN  
THIRTY ONE

RUTH WATERBURY  
Editor

DORA ALBERT  
Assistant Editor

JIMMY STARR  
Western Representative

ALBERT P. SCHLAFKE  
Art Editor

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COVER PORTRAIT  
OF ANN HARDING  
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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# Why waste time on old fashioned methods

... when you can learn  
to play at home  
without a teacher?

**D**ON'T let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don't let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true! For you—*anyone*—can easily *teach yourself* to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It's so easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The note in the first space is always *f*. The note in the second space is *always a*. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell *face*.

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You simply *can't go wrong*. First you are *told* what to do, then the picture *shows* you how to do it—then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

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No time is wasted on theories. *You get all the musical facts*. You get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control, harmony.

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## No Talent Needed

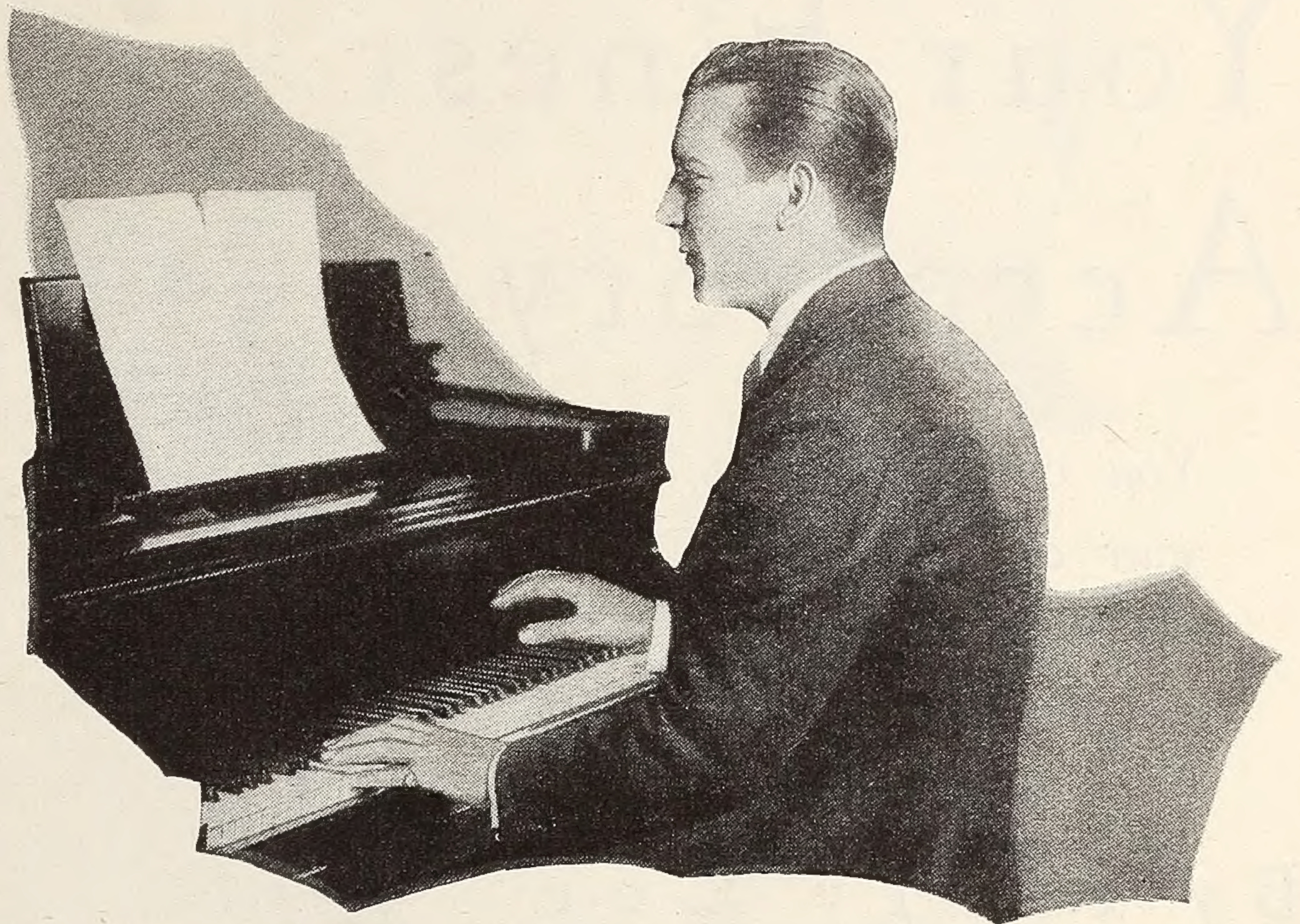
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Guitar	Clarinet
Mandolin	Flute
Harp	Saxophone
Cornet	Trombone
Drums and Traps	
Piano Accordion	
Sight Singing	
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	
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"Music Lessons in Your Own Home" is an interesting little book that is yours for the asking. With this free book we will send you a typical demonstration lesson that proves, better than words, how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite instrument by note—in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost



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# HAIR~

## Your Finest Accessory

*You can change not only your appearance but your whole personality if you learn to wear your hair correctly.*

By Mary Lee



Marguerite Churchill believes that a girl who casts a few reflections on herself soon gets wise to her own beauty

**T**O BE original, you must always be a little bit daring—and when you are a little bit daring you are always a personality.

Which large sentence, believe it or not, brings me up to the subject of how to dress your hair.

We began having a nice hair renaissance when the bob really got general—along about 1920 to 1922. Up until that time hair was either hair worn down, or hair worn up. The only distinction it had was in its color and its thickness. And most of the time, on most heads, it looked pretty awful, being quite untidy.

Then came the bobs and our older sisters discovered the hairdressers. Waves became general. Scalp treatments became general. First everybody had a bob. Then everybody had a shingle. Then came the permanents and there we rested.

There *we* rested—but there the movie stars didn't rest. They learned more than the rest of us had learned and they started, the pets, to show us things. They began using their heads and the hair upon them to express anything from love to the urge for an ice cream soda. And was it fun!

That tendency has reached the rest of us now. It has come to the point where in a roomful of ten smart women you will see ten different styles of hair-dressing—and the girl who goes just meekly along with the same old bob and wave is regarded as a very flat tire indeed.

Honestly, I don't know of anything that can mark you so distinctly as being a girl that knows things as the way you dress your hair. Not that it's easy—but then personality, acquired personality, never is. Still I have more

respect for the girl who makes herself distinctive—who makes a real creation of herself—than I have for almost anyone. And the rewards such a girl reaps in party bids, and heavy dates, and maybe real romance are jolly well worth the working for.

The first thing to do, toward dressing your hair distinctively, is to have clean, healthy hair. If you don't know all the simple little rules for this, write me and I'll send them to you personally. Here I'll just repeat the obvious ones. Keep it clean. Brush it daily. Keep your brushes and combs spotless. Don't expose your scalp to too great heat or cold. Don't let your hair get burned either with hairdressers' irons or the sun in the heavens.

The next thing is to consider the shape of your face, the shape of your head, and the lines of your whole figure. For, really, you must think of your head in alignment with your body. It isn't something separate floating off into space. It is the final touch of perfection, the summit of you, if you don't mind my putting it that way. For that reason I don't feel that the first thing about hair is to make it flattering to your face. My own personal hunch is that, first of all, it ought to suit the line of your head. And remember what the Greek sculptors knew—that the most beautiful head is small and round. If you have a large skull, then, don't wear your hair fluffing out around it. Have your head thinned out so that it lies close and flat. (Incidentally, the smaller the head size, the taller you look.)

If your head is long, shingle the head close at the back, or wear it long on the neck, or wear it in a soft swirl, completely around the base of the head. But don't stick little curls out on it, or knots of hair. If you have a tiny, round head, the hair is charming brushed toward the front, curling softly around the face, but kept plain and sleek at the back.

Long or short hair all depends [Continued on page 62]

### BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING

Mary Lee will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem—skin, hair, eyes, the best colors to wear, the little tricks of personality. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope, for personal replies. Miss Lee's address is in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York.



# GEORGE ARLISS



## "THE MILLIONAIRE"

George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by EARL DERR BIGGERS  
Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell  
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington  
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI  
"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark  
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DAVID MANNERS  
EVALYN KNAPP  
JAMES CAGNEY  
NOAH BEERY  
IVAN SIMPSON

**A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE**



# LOVE AND HISSES!!



**THIS** is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

## FIRST PRIZE

Baltimore, Md.

**DOES** the movie industry have to reminisce into the past and unearth, for pictures, such unpleasant memories as the War? Was not this savagery gruesome enough, while it lasted, without having to be reminded of it?

Such pictures as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Hell's Angels," while showing remarkable photography, etc., only remind us of a most horrible incident which the whole world wants to forget.

Laughter—that's what we want. Life is depressing and serious enough, without having to be reminded of its unpleasantness.

Ring down the curtain on War and Let Us Be Gay.  
*Mildred Reilly*

## SECOND PRIZE

Honolulu, Hawaii.

**CROWD** psychology is intriguing.

Two years ago I drove from Honolulu to a plantation town where there was a small theatre with corrugated iron walls, dirt floor, and unpainted benches. The audience—mostly Filipinos, who earned a dollar a day in the cane field—was a tattered, ragged bunch, some wearing only their undershirts and slippers. They spit, chattered, and wanted the hero to give the villain the worst kind of beating.

Recently a new theatre, answering the call of talkies, was built in that town. Last night I drove down to see "All Quiet on the Western Front." I found a beautiful theatre costing a half million, reflecting the last word in mortar achievement. The audience was mostly Filipinos. But they were dressed up; if some hadn't coats on, at least they wore boiled shirts and neckties. Nobody spit on the rugs. A solemn dignity pervaded as the picture unfolded itself. What amazed me was the discovery that these Filipinos, who before craved action in the fullest fistic sense, were, like me, saddened by this grim picture of war. Some took out handkerchiefs to dry their eyes.  
*Alma Au*

## THIRD PRIZE

Camden, N. J.

**WHY**—Does Joan Crawford usually pose for publicity with such a long face? Smile.

Why—Rave so much over Phillips Holmes and Lew Ayres? No personality.

Why—Go abroad to find future actors and actresses, give them a big publicity campaign,

and then literally push them on the public?

What about giving more of our own boys and girls a chance? They'd make some of the foreign ones look ill.

Why—Be so conceited about your profiles—John Barrymore, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.?

Why—Not have more pictures of Miriam Hopkins?

Why—Don't the newspapers jump at the chance to print something good and sweet about Clara Bow, instead of trying to drag her name in on all possible scandal? Give her a decent break.

Why—Say that Marlene Dietrich was the whole show? Without Gary Cooper, "Morocco" would never have been the success it is. Think—now would it?

Why—Does Ruth Chatterton hesitate so between phrases in sentences? Makes me think she's forgetting her lines.  
*Ann Shoemaker*

## A LOT OF LOVE, A LITTLE HISS

Gadsden, Ala.

**I** UTTERLY disagree with your May first prize winner that Joan Crawford is emaciated. I also saw her in "Paid," and considered her as near perfect as a woman could be, both in appearance and portrayal. She is a type unto herself, and Heaven forbid that she become plump and commonplace!

If only she and Robert Montgomery could be cast together again, as in "Our Blushing Brides." They are made for each other—in pictures, anyway.

And a word of praise for dear, dainty little Janet Gaynor. Of a type altogether different from Joan, she fills to perfection her own niche in the hearts of the public.

Now, I've been real nice so far, but I can't resist one little scratch! Can't something be done about Jack Oakie? You know, drown him or something? If not, just keep him out of pictures and the magazines, or . . . powder his nose so it won't glisten so!

*Mrs. A. L. Ables*

## LEW AYRES' LIFE STORY

Roslindale, Mass.

**LEW** AYRES' life story is the most thrilling and amazing document I have ever read. Nothing better could be recommended for those who are disheartened and ready to give up trying. And I speak from experience. I was in the dregs of despair before I read the article.

I was amazed that Lew was younger than I. And yet, his hardships made my own seem mi-

croscopic in comparison. More power to him!

With Lew Ayres' battle to success as my inspiration, nothing can stop me now!

SILVER SCREEN is to be congratulated upon publishing the wonderful story of a truly great young actor.  
*Edward H. Vogel*

## S. O. S. MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS

Atlantic City, N. J.

**DISCONTINUE** racketeer gangland underworld pictures stop Read enough in the press stop Topic of every person's conversation stop Attend movies for diversion see more criminals shooting murders stop Then anticipate shooting someone stop.

S. O. S. Joan Crawford

Joan do not become another Eddie Cantor stop Expressing your eyes in the same manner stop Let your beautiful eyes be natural stop Eliminate banjo eyes stop.  
*Alice West*

## THE CHANGE IN CHEVALIER

Long Beach, Cal.

**I** ONCE had a charming Russian friend. Her unstudied mannerisms, her delightfully careful English, and an innate quality of conduct made her always admired.

In time her speech became slangy. She became an ineffectual imitation of the modern flapper. She defended herself by saying, "But I am becoming Americanized."

Does that explain the change in Maurice Chevalier? In "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade" he was very French. French mannerisms, little shadings of speech and gesture. Most of all the French spirit, that unmistakable romantic flavor we expect in French novels, French drama, French music. After that he became "Americanized." For nuance he substituted noise. The genuine American spirit need offer no apologies, but exaggerated, unconvincing imitations compare poorly with such splendid original types as Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, and young Doug.

Too ardent an admirer to desert Chevalier, I still rush to his pictures. But with this difference. Three times I saw "Innocents of Paris," four times "The Love Parade." Recently one performance has been quite too much, and I've left with a mixed feeling of disappointment and pity.

Don't let them transform Monsieur Chevalier into plain Mister!  
*Opal M. Doege*

SILVER SCREEN





THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: *"Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wising you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."*

THE REPORTER: *"What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The 'Press' would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"*

# RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FAY WRAY  
REGIS TOOMEY  
ROBERT ELLIOTT

Adaptation by ROBERT LORD  
Dialogue by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS  
A John Francis Dillon Production

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!

in **"The Finger Points"**



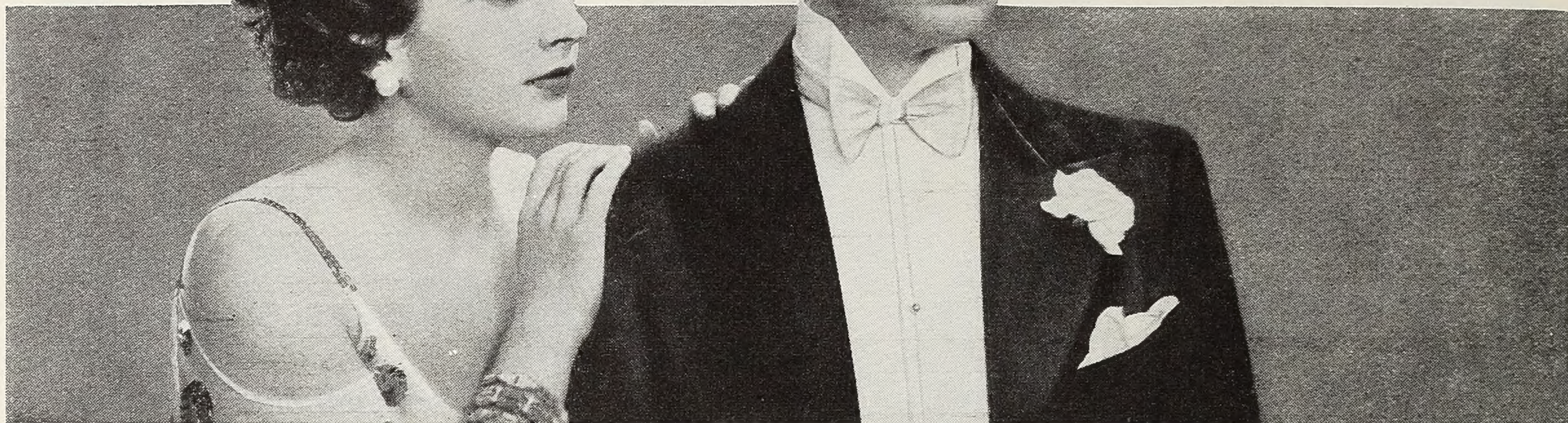
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for JUNE 1931



# TALKIES in TABLOID

(Reviewlets of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)



**ALOHA**  
**FAIR**  
(Tiffany)

This is so cheaply made and produced that Raquel Torres' fine performance cannot save it. She plays a native girl whose love for a white man, played by Ben Lyon, brings tragedy.

**BACHELOR**  
**APARTMENT**  
**FAIR**  
(Radio Pictures)

Lowell Sherman's charming performance redeems this picture from utter triteness. He plays a philanderer who falls hard for Irene Dunne, a nice girl who resists his wiles. Mac Murray makes her comeback as one of the girls who isn't so nice.

**BAD SISTER**  
**GOOD**  
(Universal)

A charming small town family story taken from Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Contains melodrama, comedy and love. Sidney Fox, a newcomer, is the bad sister who doesn't stop at anything to get her man. Conrad Nagel is the leading man.

**BEHIND OFFICE**  
**DOORS**  
**GOOD**  
(Radio Pictures)

Another story about the office secretary who falls in love with her boss, and sticks to him through thick and thin. Mary Astor and Robert Ames are the principals.

**CIMARRON**  
**GREAT**  
(Radio Pictures)

One of the finest talkies ever produced. A gigantic story of early America, and the empire builders. Richard Dix comes back with a bang. The whole cast is superb.

**CITY LIGHTS**  
**GOOD**  
(United Artists)

It doesn't quite come up to expectations. Chaplin as the tramp who loves a blind flower girl gives a good performance, but some of his old silents were even better.

**COMMAND**  
**PERFORMANCE**  
**FAIR**  
(Tiffany)

The story of an actor hired to impersonate a Prince and make love to a Princess. Mildly risqué at times but not very exciting. Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel are the lovers.

**CRACKED NUTS**  
**FAIR**  
(Radio Pictures)

Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in a story about a mythical kingdom. Bert and Bob work hard to make the story amusing, but somehow it falls flat, and isn't as funny as it ought to be.

**DANCE, FOOLS,**  
**DANCE**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

An exciting underworld yarn, although it's not quite as great a picture as "Paid." Joan Crawford turns in a fine performance as a newspaper girl whose brother becomes a bootlegger, but you never see enough of Joan. Clark Gable, the villain, is a real discovery.

**DAWN TRAIL**  
**FAIR**  
(Columbia)

Buck Jones in a typical wild western story. He's the sheriff who must arrest his sweetheart's brother for murder. The children will like this.

**DISHONORED**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

A triumph for Marlene Dietrich, who makes a rather trite spy story seem fresh and exciting. The action drags at times, but Marlene and Victor McLaglen cause you to forgive everything.

**DOCTORS' WIVES**  
**FAIR**  
(Fox)

A splendid cast has been wasted on this story of the jealousy which doctors' wives feel toward their husbands' patients. Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter do what they can with the shoddy story that's given them.

**DON'T BET ON**  
**WOMEN**  
**GOOD**  
(Fox)

A hot-shot with the ladies bets that he can kiss another man's wife within forty-eight hours. Amusing entertainment with good work from Edmund Lowe and Jeanette MacDonald.

**DRACULA**  
**GOOD**  
(Universal)

Good entertainment for those who like chills chasing up and down their spine. Others might think this story horrible. Bela Lugosi is excellent as the vampire who lives by draining life and blood from his victims.

**EASIEST WAY**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

Constance Bennett brings a fine sincerity to bear upon a very old plot—the story of the girl who gives herself without wedlock to get the lovely things in life. Robert Montgomery is grand in this.

**EAST LYNNE**  
**GREAT**  
(Fox)

A beautiful portrayal by Ann Harding helps make this one of the finest of the season. It's the old, old tragedy of illicit love, with Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook to make it convincing.

**FIFTY MILLION**  
**FRENCHMEN**  
**FAIR**  
(Warners)

Olsen and Johnson, a perfectly goofy team, run riot in Paris. It's filmed in Technicolor and has a few musical numbers.

**FIGHTING**  
**CARAVANS**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

A carbon copy of "The Covered Wagon," with the big thrills missing. Good for an evening's entertainment, but not great. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita are the love interest.

**FINN AND**  
**HATTIE**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

Finn takes his family on a trip to Paris and what happens there is a riot. Though ZaSu Pitts is the mama and Leon Errol the papa, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl steal the story.

**GANG BUSTER**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

Jack Oakie as an accident insurance salesman blunders into gangland. He's such a sap they let him go, but he breaks up the gang. Jean Arthur is the gal he loves.

**GENTLEMAN'S**  
**FATE**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

John Gilbert in a tragic gangster story is better than he's been for a long time. When the girl he loves finds out he belongs to a racketeering family, she marries another man.

**GUN SMOKE**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a thrilling Western. Underworld gangsters instead of Indians are the villains. There are some grand battles between the gangsters and the cowboys. Out-and-out hokum, but entertaining just the same.

**HONOR AMONG**  
**LOVERS**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

Beautifully staged, this is a little above the average, but misses being first rate, because Claudette Colbert and Fredric March don't make the hero and heroine appealing enough. It's the old story of the girl who marries the wrong man.

**INSPIRATION**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

Garbo is great in this. But the picture isn't convincing. Robert Montgomery seems miscast as the cold and prudish hero who is supposed to be so attractive to Garbo.

[Continued on page 80]

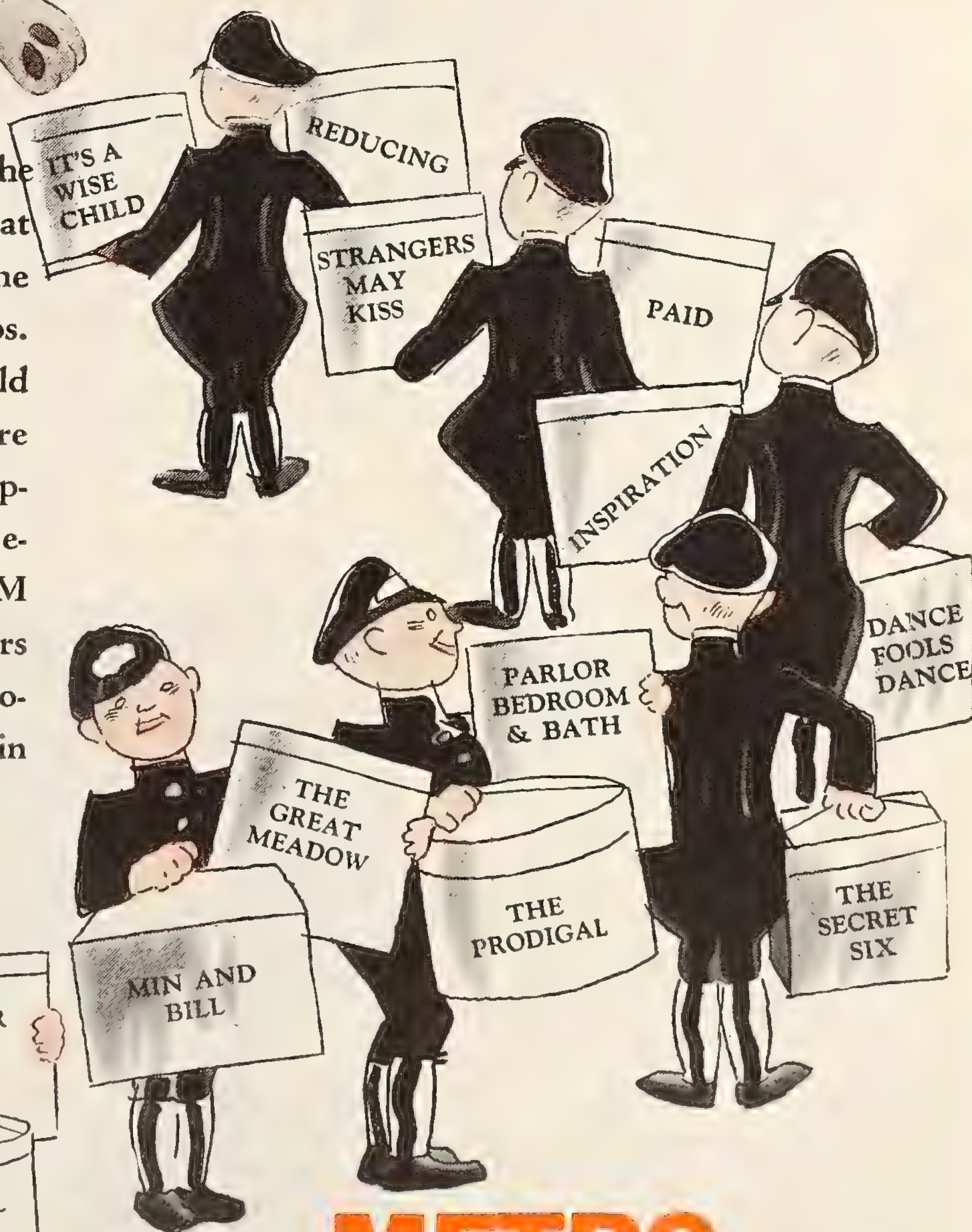


Miss  
1931



**"I'LL GIVE YOU  
SOMETHING TO  
REMEMBER  
ME BY!"**

**A**NOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



**METRO  
GOLDWYN  
MAYER**



# ASK ME ANOTHER

## By SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

**INQUISITIVE LIZZIE:** Jack Buchanan, who played opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo," has returned to the London stage.

William Powell was married to Eileen Wilson and has since been divorced from her, but for a' that and a' that, he seems to be very much in love with Carole Lombard.

**ADMIRER FROM KANSAS:** Janet Gaynor is married to Lydell Peck, and Charles Farrell has recently married Virginia Valli, so the future of the Gaynor-Farrell team looks a bit uncertain. It all depends on what Virginia Valli thinks about it, says I. Maybe she won't want Charlie to make love to little Janet, even in pictures.

If Gaynor and Farrell do play together again, it'll probably be in "Merely Mary Ann," which was postponed when Charlie went on his honeymoon.

Nancy Carroll's next picture will be with Fredric March. It's tentatively called "Scarlet Hours," but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they changed the title. The picture'll probably be a humdinger, for it is being directed by Edmund Goulding, who directed Nancy in "Devil's Holiday."

**BLONDIE OF CANADA:** You asked so many questions last month I couldn't answer them all in one issue. Please be a good girl next time and ask only two or three questions.

Clara Bow was taken out of "City Streets" because she was quite ill, and the picture had to go on regardless. But she's feeling better now, and has started work on "Kick In." Here's hoping they give the little redhead a break! She certainly deserves it.

Joan and Kathryn Crawford are not sisters. Neil Hamilton is married to Elsa Whitner. There are no little Hamiltons, so far as I know.

**PEGGY:** Robert Ames is forty-two and is married to Muriel Oakes.

The latest picture in which Wheeler and Woolsey are teamed together was going to be known as "Assorted Nuts," but the title has since been changed to "Cracked Nuts."

Maureen O'Sullivan's latest picture is "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Will Rogers, of course, plays the part of the blundering Yankee.

Jack Oakie is twenty-seven years old; but Armida doesn't give her age.

**SAN RAE:** Of course, some of the movie stars, being only human, have freckles! Joan Crawford has some right under the tip of her nose; and Nancy Carroll's arms sometimes get freckled. But the movie stars take such good care of their complexions, that, freckles and all, they really look beautiful. I'll tell you a secret, San. I think a few freckles make a girl's face look rather piquant and saucy, and add to her beauty rather than detract from it, if she isn't self-conscious about them. But if you want to learn how to keep your skin as lovely as that of the movie stars, just read Mary Lee's column, and learn about beauty from her!

Joan Crawford weighs 110 pounds, and SILVER SCREEN thinks she's Hollywood's modern Venus.

She doesn't own all the beautiful dresses she displays in her pictures. Most of them belong to the studio for which she works, and are designed by its wardrobe department.

**QUESTION BOX:** Bob Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York. All the girls are gaga over him, and I'm no exception. He came to our office recently, and we all worked overtime just to catch a glimpse of him. Our hero!!!

I could almost break down and weep about it, but he is married. In almost every issue someone asks me his wife's name. It's Elizabeth Allen, lucky girl!

Henry Montgomery, Jr., is his real name. You'll see him next in "Strangers May Kiss," Norma Shearer's great picture. And then he'll be starred in "Shipmates" and "The Man in Possession." I can hardly wait, can you?

**WINKS:** Janet Gaynor has red hair. Some people call it auburn; but I've never been able to see the difference between the two, have you?

It isn't true that Janet Gaynor has left her husband.

Nobody really knows whether Janet will ever



Someone persuaded Will Rogers to leave his rope and wad of chewing gum at home and get all spruced up. This is the first time he's ever dressed up for any occasion. Could it be the influence of Fifi Dorsay, who's appearing with him in "Cure for the Blues"?

play together again with Charlie—not even Janet. We must wait until Charlie Farrell comes back from his honeymoon before we find out for sure.

Janet's health is much improved, but she's still a little frail since her operation.

**ONLY MARY:** Greta Garbo's next picture will probably be "Susan Lennox."

Jean Arthur has appeared lately in "The Gang Buster," as leading lady to Jack Oakie.

William Powell is thirty-eight years old. You can find out all about Bob Montgomery in my answer to "Question Box."

Two or three questions per person is just about the right number, and when people ask me less than that, I rush right off and write a letter to them immediately, I'm so pleased.

**DORIS R.:** Myrna Loy has titian colored hair. Jeanette Loff is five feet two and weighs 105 pounds.

Harry Richman has not made any pictures since "Puttin' On the Ritz." He was born in Cincinnati.

**MARTHA:** No, Richard Cromwell didn't play in "Paid." It was Kent Douglass who played opposite Joan Crawford.

Jack Oakie has blue eyes and light brown hair.

**RENEE:** Kent Douglass, who played the rich man's son in "Paid," is really named Douglass Montgomery. I have no record of his being married, but he's still so new to pictures that the real lowdown on him hasn't been published yet. Perhaps, if you sent him an especially interesting and helpful letter, he'd answer you. You never can tell till you try. I'll see what I can do about getting the magazine to publish his picture.

**HELENE:** For a picture of Kenneth MacKenna, write to Fox Studios, Hollywood, enclosing a quarter.

Kenneth's real name is Leo Mielziner, Jr. He is thirty-one years old, has blue eyes and light brown hair, and is quite handsome. But don't lose any sleep over him, for he's married to Kay Francis, and we hope it's for keeps.

**RIO AMHURST:** Mary Brian has dark brown hair.

Mary tries to answer as much of her fan mail as she can, but she's so busy, she can't possibly write a personal letter to everyone who writes her. And how can I promise that you would be one of the lucky ones to receive a letter?

Gary Cooper is twenty-nine years old. Anita Page is twenty.

Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich have never met, so far as I know.

Some of the stars, being quite human, are just as superstitious as people in other walks of life. A great many of them believe in numerology. Freddie March changed his name from Frederic to Fredric because he was told that his destiny would be changed if he did this. I remember when Carole Lombard was just plain Carol, but she added an "e" to her first name because she was told the new name would bring good luck. And so it goes!



# This offer may never be repeated



## 10 Exquisite Toiletries that would cost you at least \$8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you \$8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—once you see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

### Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

**\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder**  
—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

**\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder**  
—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

**\$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream**—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts

into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

**\$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge**—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

**\$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener**  
—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

**75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender.** This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

**75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine.** In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

**75c Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo**—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

**75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals**—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

**50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel**  
—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

Copyright, 1931, Milaire Co.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

# 99¢

plus postage

**Send No Money  
Merely Mail Coupon**

### Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,  
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Silver Screen—June, 1931





**Hearts  
will throb-**

**Blood  
will race-**

**Eyes will fill  
with tears!**

**THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..**  
**Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough**  
**For This Mighty Drama!**

**DIRIGIBLE!** Gigantic challenge to the elements . . .  
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver  
sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above  
the earth . . . and in the ears of the super-men spinning  
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the  
thunder of heaven defied . . . a sinister reminder that  
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"  
. . . or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust  
. . . "angel"!

# DIRIGIBLE

**COLUMBIA'S  
LEVIATHAN  
OF THE  
AIR!**

with  
**JACK HOLT  
RALPH GRAVES  
and FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production


From the story by  
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue  
by Jo Swerling



**ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN**





# Silver Screens Movietown Topics

**T**HE best story of the month concerns the meeting of Tallulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery.

Tallulah, Paramount's newest rage, while new to movie fans, is quite a celebrity in her way. So when she demanded that the handsome Mr. Montgomery be brought to meet her immediately upon his arrival in New York, the introduction was arranged.

Bob and his press agent called upon Miss Bankhead at her hotel. Tallulah threw her arms about Bob and clasped that astonished young man to her chest.

"My darling, my darling," she cried, "tell me about Garbo."

**Y**OUNG Lew Ayres is having a bad attack of success. The trouble started during the Warner star-grabbing period. Warners' gave Lew a lot of big ideas with offers of \$75,000 a picture. Lew didn't take up their offers but is now demanding \$3,000 a week from Universal and refused to make retakes on his last picture until his demands were met.

Unknown two years ago, his present contract calls for \$600 a week, but Universal executives have given him bonuses which make the salary actually \$1,250 a week.

Hard to keep one's head with such figures whirling about it—but we hope Lew keeps his. It's too good a head to be turned so easily.

**A**L CHRISTIE, the comedy producer, tells the story of Harry Myers' reaction to the microphone.

Harry was with Chaplin on "City Lights" for two and a half years. In other words, he had never been in a talkie studio and knew nothing about them until Christie signed him for "Meet the Wife."

The first day on the set Harry's hands shook so the director asked him whom he was waving at. The second day Harry went to Christie and asked him to let him out of the picture. He said the little black dingus hanging over his head got his goat. Christie refused to release him and Harry's work finally turned out all right.

With Virginia Cherrill at Fox's, this makes Chaplin the only silent actor left.

**GOOD NEWS!**

Janet Gaynor has returned from her vacation at Palm Springs, healthy and happy, and is back on the Fox lot shooting "Daddy Long Legs." Incidentally, Janet and Lydell Peck seem happier right now than they have appeared in months.

**T**HERE has been quite an epidemic of contract-letting-out in Hollywood lately. Sue Carol and Rolfe Harolde are out at RKO, largely because parts couldn't be found that just suited them.

John Wayne, proclaimed just about one of the greatest natural actors in the world when he was discovered, a property boy, on the Fox lot last year, has been let out by that organization.

Both the films in which John appeared were failures. Just why the flop of two such dull pictures as "The Big Trail" and "Girls Demand Excitement" should prove that John can't act is one of those things that only movie supervisors seem to know about.

**H**OLLYWOOD'S favorite gag was that Clara Bow was sending Daisy DeVoe a copy of "Liberty" every week she was in jail.

We suspicion, however, it was just a gag. Actually, Clara has been very generous about the whole affair, and Daisy has been released from jail, pending an appeal of her case.

**T**OM SANTSCHI, one of the real veterans of the films, died on April 9 at his home in Hollywood. Do you remember his famous screen-fight with William Farnum in the first silent version of "The Spoilers"? That set a mark which other actors have been trying to live up to ever since.

**D**OLORES ETHEL MAE BARRYMORE made a visit to the Warner lot the other day. She watched her mother, Dolores, in "The Passionate Sonata," for a while and then had herself wheeled to the "Svengali" set to watch her father. She fell asleep there—just a bored Barrymore.

[Continued on page 40]



# The Story of My



NANCY CARROLL

She has the soul of an artist, the face of a baby, and the heart of a gay young gypsy. She has stretched out her hands toward life, laughing and eager. Start now this first enthralling chapter of her life

*Growing Up—Leaving  
School to Go to Work—  
Getting Into the Chorus  
—Falling in Love—That's  
the First Chapter*

I MADE my first personal appearance in the La Hiff house at Sixty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue, New York City, November 19th, 1905. It was a crowded house and I arrived early, which added greatly to the general confusion. The family doctor drove up in his well-known buggy, so even the carriage trade was represented on that gala evening.

As soon as it was discovered that I was fat and red-headed and too healthy and normal to be interesting, the La Hiffs simply went about their own business as before. After all, I was the seventh child, so you couldn't expect them to show much excitement. When I was in my teens I learned that I was a seventh child of a seventh child and I was sure that it meant something terribly thrilling, but after consultation with various people who claimed to be on speaking terms with the astral bodies I was informed that the charm only worked when it was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. I, they told me, was doomed to obscurity.

My mother and father are both Irish, and I am of French and Irish descent. My mother came to New York alone when she was only fifteen. Somebody in Ireland told her that New York was paved with gold, so she came over to get a good look. She didn't find any gold, but she found handsome Tom La Hiff, so she felt more than compensated for her trouble. Mother is the kind of person who fusses here and there and leaves things on the stove to burn. I inherited these traits.

One of my earliest recollections is having my picture taken. Which, I guess, is as it should be. All the eight La Hiffs were posed in front of an automobile that had been parked at the curb. Still, being quite a baby, I was hoisted to the radiator cap. Sort of a Rube Goldberg effect. Now that was a hot spot that had been selected for me and I wiggled and wept. But did my fond brothers and sisters take pity on me? No. They bawled me out for continuing to ruin the pictures. It was decided that I was "camera-conscious."

I remember well the marvellous times that we kids had at home in the evenings. My father took parenthood rather seriously and it never occurred to him to "spare the rod." We had to obey all the rules. But don't get the idea that father was an old grouch. Far from it. He was a native son of Ireland and he could play any musical

SILVER SCREEN



# Life ~ Nancy Carroll

As Told to Elizabeth Wilson

instrument that came his way. He knew every song an Irishman had written, and he had us lisping through Irish ballads and toddling into an Irish jig before we were three years old. He instilled in us a love for Ireland. Although father only made \$25 a week he kept his big family organized and even took us to Jersey every summer to avoid the city heat. You'll have to admit he was a marvellous manager.

By the time I was old enough to go to school, we had moved to West Seventy-ninth Street and I was enrolled in Public School No. 9 on West Eighty-second Street. I took a great interest in my lessons and found them easy. I liked spelling and arithmetic, especially those examples about the prowess of the man and the boy who were always painting and plastering. In time I became rather fond of that man and boy.

Later I was sent to a parochial school from which I was graduated with honors because my Irish jig was the best in the school. From practically my first day in school I had decided to be a teacher. Nothing seemed grander to me than to know everything and teach it to others. To be a teacher was my childhood ambition—and when I realized that it was a goal that I could never attain, it nearly broke my heart. I received a scholarship from the parochial school to Marymount Academy when I was twelve years old. I wanted more than anything in life to accept that, but as all my sisters and brothers had gone to work as soon as they had finished grammar school, it didn't seem exactly sporting to me. My play days were over. It was time for me to take my share of the family responsibilities.

I borrowed a dress from my older sister, pinned my hair up for the first time, dabbed on a bit of powder and rouge, and went job hunting. And job hunting in New York at that time was just as discouraging as it is today, and just



Three young La Hiffs all dressed up in their Sunday clothes. That's Terry at the left, then comes Martin and on the right is Miss Nancy, all of five years old; (below): Nancy at confirmation time. She was very devout—and still is



Well, there can be family life in the heart of a big city. Here's where the La Hiffs were raised—with no sparing of the rod, either. Sixty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue, New York, poor but clean





**What Love's Young Dream Looked Down Upon—Pomander Walk, an exclusive little street off upper Broadway, New York. Nancy and Jack couldn't afford to live in the Walk itself—but they hired an apartment with a nice view of it**

**Love's Young Dream himself—Jack Kirkland, the newspaper lad who won Nancy's wild Irish heart. The first night he took her out he had to borrow money from a friend to pay their taxi fare**

**Nancy when she was a chorus girl in the Passing Show of 1923. Millionaires and noblemen hung around the stage door—and Nancy had to fall for a young writer making sixty-five bucks a week!**



as hard on the shoe leather. I told all the prospective employers that I was sixteen but they weren't the least impressed with my "woman of the world" act and told me to hurry home to grandmother before the wolf got me. Finally, the National Coat and Suit Company condescended to put me on their payroll at eight dollars a week. But they learned that I had lied about my age, so I only lasted there two weeks. Then I was introduced to Wall Street via the National Paper Bag Company, but they sent me home when they found me crying one day. Then came the National Veiling Company. They liked me and I liked them, so there I stayed for four years.

When I was sixteen, "amateur nights" were all the rage in New York. A number of the neighborhood theatres encouraged them. Press agents and even producers would attend these amateur performances, always on the lookout for new talent for their Broadway productions. If your act went over big on "amateur night," you were given ten dollars and a week's engagement in a vaudeville house. And always there was the chance that Mr. Ziegfeld's at-

tention might be called to you and you would be chosen to join the glorified ones. But frankly, my sister Terry and I weren't thinking much about Mr. Ziegfeld in those days. We "tried out" simply because we loved it, and because the ten dollars came in right handy as a supplement to our weekly insult.

The Orpheum Theatre on East Eighty-sixth Street was having an amateur night. Terry and I were keen to give our act, which consisted of harmony, songs and dancing, but we, alas, belonged to the despised West Side many blocks removed from the East Side—and never the twain shall meet. But Buddy Carroll, a member of good standing in that neighborhood, generously offered to introduce us as his sisters. And, borrowing a surname from him, I became Nancy Carroll.

Things began to happen fast in my life after that. J. J. Shubert caught our act one night and signed Terry and me for the "Passing Show of 1923." We were afraid to tell our parents that we had become "chorines," so we decided to stall along until the last

[Continued on page 66]





By  
Harriet  
Parsons

# RAMON NOVARRO TODAY

*What have nine years of stardom done to  
this Mexican idealist? Here's the answer*

**I**T WAS in 1921 that Ramon Novarro started work on his first motion picture. It was a version—silent, of course—of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat." It was Ramon's first chance and he must have been pretty excited about it. But the production got tied up in a lot of litigation and wasn't released for years. When it got out finally, they called it "A Lover's Oath."

He had to wait for Rex Ingram to give him his real break. You probably remember the story. Rex, as temperamental an Irishman as ever hit a movie lot, was having trouble with Valentino, his bright particular star of the moment. Valentino refused to work and Rex boasted that he didn't need to, that he, Ingram, could pick out any extra boy and make a star of him. The boy he picked was Ramon Gil Samaniegos. That was in 1922. They changed his name to Novarro, his mother's maiden name, and Ramon played the lead in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Now this review of his background, if you are a real Novarro enthusiast, may seem silly to you. But it seems important to me to put it in here if a true appraisal of Ramon is to be reached.

For with the exception of Dick Barthelmess, he has been a successful picture star longer than any other actor now in Hollywood. Like Dick, his pictures always hold up at the box-office. Like Dick, he has made the difficult transition from silence to talk without losing a single fan. But there the resemblance ends.

Dick, in the nicest meaning of the word,

has matured. He has married and re-married. He has a growing daughter. But Ramon is still, after nine years of stardom, a child. He is still the dreamer, who walks alone. His following still worships him to the extent of an unbelievable amount of passionate love letters delivered daily.

What, then, is happening to him now? What is he like today?

Well, if Ramon Novarro continues in his present frame of mind, there is going to be a great deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the ladies of the nation. For Ramon has just about decided to trade his make-up box for a megaphone. Not long ago he attended the opening of his first directorial effort—a Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh," his own recent starring vehicle. And the thrill of achievement which he experienced far exceeded any joy he has ever felt over his acting prowess.

Ramon worked to make that picture a perfect thing, a creation which should satisfy his own exacting ideals. He worked harder than he has ever worked before. And if he decides definitely to stay behind the camera from now on, you must not weep for the loss of Ramon, the actor. Rather rejoice with Ramon, [Continued on page 78]

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**T**HIS story on Ramon Novarro is SILVER SCREEN'S "request interview" for this month. Each month SILVER SCREEN will publish a request story on the star who gets the most votes for that month. So tell us whom you'd like to read about, and we'll do the rest. Send your vote to Sally Forth, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y.

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Even a great star like Joan Crawford is dependent upon good pictures



William Haines was a box-office blessing in 1929. But in 1931?

## What Gets Your



"Cimarron" spelled "come-back" for Richard Dix

Richard Barthelmess is Old Reliable. All his movies make money



WHAT'S all this star-grabbing about, anyway?

Why should Warners' be willing to pay \$7,500 a week to get Ruth Chatterton? Why should it be ready to pay another colossal sum to grab William Powell away from Paramount?

Is any human being's work worth \$30,000 a week—the sum Constance Bennett is getting for making two pictures for Warner Brothers?

A couple of years ago the big movie magnates got together and said that star salaries were going to go way, way downward. Some day in the near future, they predicted, the biggest box-office stars in the business would be glad to make \$1,000 a week. Star names no longer meant much. With the coming of talkies it would be the story that counted, not the star.

And what has happened? Pictures without star names have virtually been drugs on the market, with very few exceptions. Stars have gone merrily on and on.

When you go to see a picture, you say, "What's playing at the nearest theatre? Ruth Chatterton in her latest picture? Is it any good? I love her. Let's go."

People have been saying that in sufficient numbers so that Ruth is worth \$7,500 a week to Warners'. She isn't paid that much money because of her beauty. She isn't paid it because of her intelligence, her scintillating wit. That salary isn't even handed to her because she's a swell actress. She gets it because the public will pay and pay to see her in a good picture. If she weren't good box-office, she could be the best actress in the world, and not a single picture company would give a d—n.





Can Clara Bow hold her loyal army of fans even in bad productions?



Marlene Dietrich goes big in the cities—not so big in the towns

# Movie Money?

By  
Dora  
Albert

But, you may feel like saying, so long as she is a good actress, she would have to be good box-office. That, ladeez and gentlemen, is the bunk.

An actress must have an intriguing personality. Otherwise she can act her darn head off and Mr. and Mrs. John Public will only yawn.

Do you care about Garbo only because she is a magnificent actress? If it were not for her strange, elusive personality, would she be GARBO, no matter how well she could act?

Clara Bow can be a splendid dramatic actress. Granted. But isn't it her youth, her pep, her personality you love?

What about the critics? How much influence do they have? The trouble with critics is that they tear a picture to pieces and try to decide whether it's logical or not. They judge it as art, and not as entertainment.

The critics raved about "With Byrd at the North Pole," but the public found it a monumental bore.

The critics panned "Common Clay," with Constance Bennett, but it made strong men weep and women bawl. It was one of the biggest box-office successes ever filmed, and made the glamorous Constance Bennett a name to be reckoned with.

You can't fool the public. It knows what it wants.

At one theatre in Minneapolis where "Rango" was shown recently, the sad commentary [Continued on page 76]

The very modern Constance Bennett made millions with two very old melodramas





# Robert Montgomery

## He's Grand!

By  
Ruth Waterbury

### The Editor Breaks All the Rules and Does a Little Interviewing Herself

**E**DITORS are supposed to sit in back of desks and act important.

Editors are supposed to let other people do the work and only come in to take a bow when the credit is being passed around.

At least so I've been told and I've tried my best to live up to it.

That is, until Robert Montgomery came to town. Then I nearly murdered my best writers in



the rush to interview Bob first.

I must admit that this Montgomery enthusiasm is something new in my life. I never did see "The Divorcée." The first time I saw Bob was in "War Nurse." I liked him, but that was all. I followed that up with "Inspiration." That didn't go big with me. I couldn't stand any man even *acting* that way toward Garbo. You remember how that guy was—the stiff-necked idiot.

But then I saw "Strangers May Kiss." And I went just as Montgomery goofy as any flapper in second year High. I wanted to find out about Bob after that. I wanted to discover how any male so good-looking, so intelligent, so altogether charming yet regular, ever happened in Hollywood.

His press agent called up and suggested that Mr. Montgomery and I lunch together at the Algonquin, which, as you doubtless know, is one of Broadway's favorite eating places.

"But there'll be crowds in there," I demurred, in my most demurr way. "We'll never get a chance to talk."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the press agent. "We'll get a nice quiet table in a far corner."

I waited in the lobby for them to appear. A newspaper girl I knew hove near. "You're not waiting for Bob Montgomery, by any chance, are you?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Don't mind if I sit here and talk a bit, do you?" she asked.

"N-no," I said.

A newspaper man came along. He stopped to talk, too. He, too, asked if I expected Robert Montgomery. I told him no, too, but he stayed. A third friend appeared. She writes for [Continued on page 62]

The only subject which bores Robert Montgomery is Robert Montgomery. But when he talks of anything else, he's a panic



# Is G A R B O D o o m e d ?

*Is the Mystery  
of the Viking  
Venus Caused  
by Awful  
Tragedy?*

By  
Edward  
Churchill

**I**S GRETA GARBO doomed?

Are there reasons behind the persistent reports, at this writing stronger than ever, that she will retire within a year?

Is there a secret tragedy locked in her own life which allows her, on the screen, to portray tragedy so well?

What is there so gray, so stark, so consuming, within her that she is able to sway millions with the fire of her emotion?

These questions are agitating filmdom. They are whipping to life the curiosity of Garbo fans the world over.

If medical science is correct, the fate of the great Garbo is sealed.

A physician attending her at intervals at a Santa Monica hospital told me recently:

"Greta Garbo has pernicious anemia."

Perhaps this doesn't register with you. Perhaps it means nothing. Let me tell you about the disease.

First of all, think of Garbo as you have learned to know her from her portrayals on the screen. Stark. Passionate. Tempestuous. Tragic. At times, bitter. And, always, a grayness lurking behind the color of her acting. Something foreboding, something sinister in her personality and her art. Think of Anna Karenina and Anna Christie.

Second, think of the things you've read about her in magazines. Garbo takes sun baths. Garbo has a diet, carefully regulated. Garbo moves, because trolleys run near her home and disturb her rest. Garbo does not entertain and refuses to see visitors. Garbo bars strangers from her set. Garbo refuses to give the studio her telephone number or her address.

She spends much of her time walking. She swims. She conserves her strength between scenes. She evades social obligations. She refuses to be interviewed.

Those are the known facts of her life.

There are, besides, newspaper headlines.

Garbo confined to her room at Miramar. Garbo reported recuperating. Physician attending Garbo.

That's the background for this story.

Here are the facts:

"Pernicious anemia usually results fatally within a few years. It is seldom discovered until it is well under way. The average patient lives from two to three years after the condition becomes apparent. Victims, however, have been known to live ten or twenty years under proper treatment."

This statement was given me by one of Hollywood's leading physicians.

"A careful diet is necessary. There is no actual cure for the disease, however. It is said to have its origin in the marrow of the bones and it is a matter of the production of too few red corpuscles in the blood," the physician continued.

"The patient gives all outward indications of perfect health. Only those who do not see the patient often are apt to note the progress of the disease.

"The cause of the disease is a mystery."

I asked the physician what he would recommend in case he was treating a patient.

"A diet of blood-building foods, particularly liver," he said. "I would order a certain amount of light exercise, such as walking. I would ask my [Continued on page 81]



# What Men Should Know About Women



Claudette Colbert's marriage to Norman Foster is a gloriously happy one. But her love of her husband doesn't make her think all men are perfect!

They  
Should Take Women into  
Their Confidence and be  
More Understanding

Says  
Claudette Colbert

interested in the arts forget her work, is making a mistake. His marriage is bound to fail. He will bore her with his talk of stocks and bonds; she will bore him with her talk of the theatre.

"It is also difficult for two people, both of whom are interested in their work in the arts, to make a go of their marriage. They are likely to have such nervous temperaments that it is difficult for them to get along. Then, too, it is harder for two people in the professions or arts to be happy together over a period of years than if they had nothing to do but to come home to each other. By dint of trying, they can make a success of their marriage, but they must work twice as hard to do so.

"The chief thing that men fail to understand about women is the necessity of not taking them for granted. As soon as a man marries, no matter how romantic he is, he stops saying the things he said before marriage. And women resent that.

"The woman of today considers herself a person to be reckoned with. Formerly, women married the men their parents chose for them, and thereafter lived no life of their own. Their ideas did not count. [Continued on page 72]

"NO MAN ought ever to marry an actress. "A man can be ideally happy only if he is married to a woman who is completely interested in him and his work. An actress never is.

"An actress or artist is never absolutely happy domestically. She can never forget her own work sufficiently to become absorbed in her husband's interests to the exclusion of her own.

"The domestic sort of person should never fall in love with this type of woman.

"The business man who thinks he can make a woman

As Told to

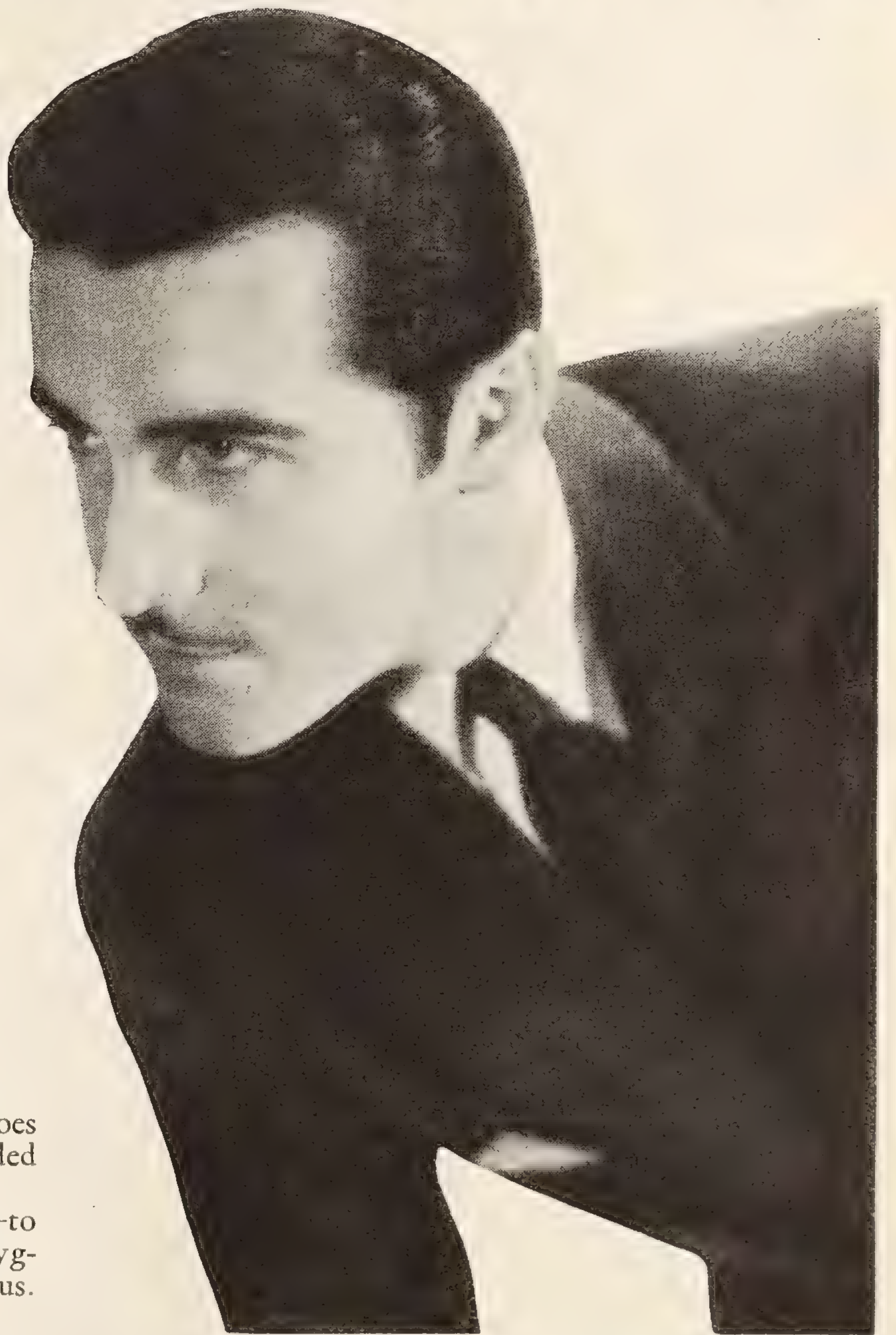
SILVER SCREEN



# What Women Should Know About Men

*They  
Should Know Men for the  
Dreamers they are and Man-  
age them Diplomatically*

*Says  
John Boles*



John Boles is married to a non-professional, which is completely in keeping with his ideals. John thinks marriage is a complete feminine career

**A** MAN in love is simply a grown-up boy. He does silly, reckless things. He is in a state of suspended heaven.

"Men are less fair—and sometimes less faithful—to women than women are to men. Men are by nature polygamous, women by nature and inclination monogamous.

"Men are less tolerant than women.

"Women are ideals toward which men grope. If a man has any qualities which make him worth living with, he owes them to the splendid qualities in women which he can only aspire to.

"The more I see of women, the less I know about them. That is why it is so hard for me to tell women anything about men—because knowing so little about women, I cannot compare them with men and tell how their natures differ.

"Men, I think, are either dreamers, schemers or practical men.

"The dreamer is very temperamental and idealistic. He is the hardest of all three types to live with. At the same time he is the most loving and the most affectionate.

"Dreamers are the hardest of all men to under-

stand. Half the time they do not understand themselves.

"When in love they see only the idyllic side of their romance. Love is a beautiful, idealistic dream to them while they are courting.

"That makes it all the harder for them to adjust themselves to practical everyday things when the first glow of romance must be exchanged for the more quiet companionship of marriage. But if they are half the husbands that they are lovers, they will get along all right.

"The best way to win the dreamer is to be in tune with the things he loves to do. To [Continued on page 73]

Sylvia Conrad



# A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

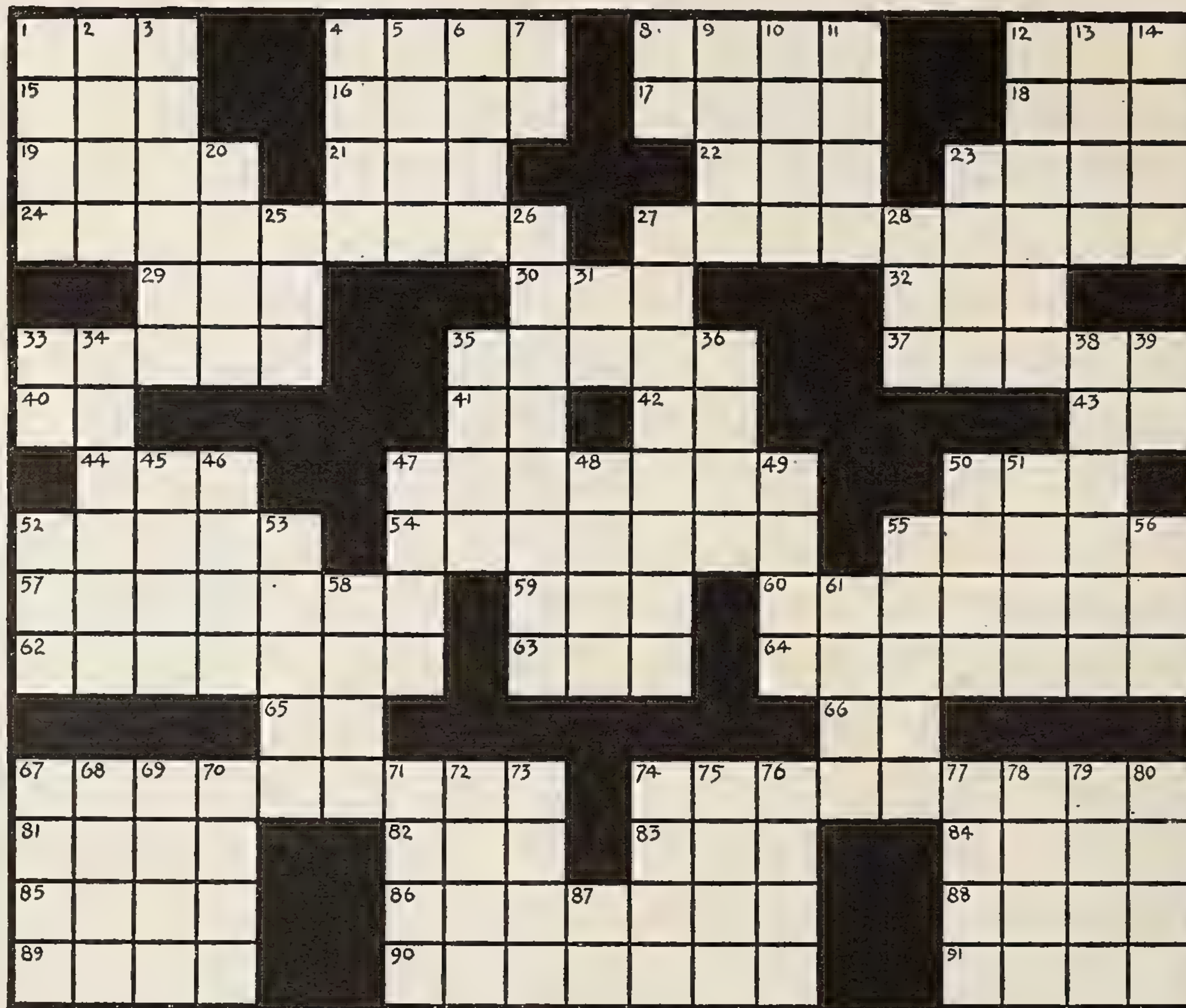
By Alma Talley



47. Across



55. Across



37. Across



24. Across

## ACROSS

- 1 Historical period.
- 4 Famous tent-maker of stage and screen.
- 8 Sue Carol's birthstone.
- 12 What stars do to their houses when they go on trips.
- 15 Dance step.
- 16 Ancient alphabetical character.
- 17 What actors do to their razors.
- 18 The United States of America (abbreviation).
- 19 Locale of island pictures.
- 21 An insect.
- 22 Army officers (abbreviation).
- 23 Medicinal substance made from seaweed.
- 24 Ze singing star from Patee.
- 27 Descriptive of bad Hollywood gin.
- 29 One—as in a German talkie.
- 30 What you need to hear a theme song.
- 32 A kind of lettuce.
- 33 To insinuate.
- 35 To scatter.
- 37 One of "Our Dancing Daughters."
- 40 A Hollywood gal's stock in trade (abbreviation).
- 41 What the clown said in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."
- 42 What a Spanish yes-man says.
- 43 You and I.
- 44 The noise of a Hollywood party.
- 47 Virginia Valli's bridegroom.
- 50 What Will Hays wishes stars wouldn't do.

- 52 The star of "Helen of Troy."
- 54 Things added.
- 55 Magnolia in "Show Boat."
- 57 Actor who played recently in "Alibi," "The Fall Guy," "Mother's Cry."
- 59 And so forth.
- 60 What an actor hopes his hair won't become.
- 62 Descriptive of that Lillian Gish look.
- 63 Leading lady in "Playboy of Paris."
- 64 Producer who made bathing beauties famous.
- 65 To exist.
- 66 Something to persuade you to see a movie.
- 67 What hero and heroine hope for in the final fade out.
- 74 Gay occasions.
- 81 First name of English male star in Griffith's "The White Rose."
- 82 An extinct bird.
- 83 Chevalier's word for friend.
- 84 To give forth.
- 85 A long stick.
- 86 A Barbara Stanwyck film.
- 88 Where film stars often get divorces.
- 89 What sirens do with their hips.
- 90 Something you write to stars.
- 91 Again.

## DOWN

- 1 What every producer calls his new picture.

- 2 The kind of things stars shouldn't do.
- 3 The state of Hollywood at 4 A.M.
- 4 Spoken.
- 5 Star in "Seven Faces."
- 6 What stars raise in a game of poker.
- 7 Concerning.
- 8 Exclamation.
- 9 The game Jack Oakie played in "The Social Lion."
- 10 How most stars feel about prohibition.
- 11 What a star hates to see in his salary check.
- 12 The lead in "Dracula."
- 13 The Biblical boy who sold his birthright.
- 14 The lads in "True to the Navy."
- 20 Describing the villain's intentions.
- 23 Soon.
- 25 One, indefinitely speaking.
- 26 Something a player hopes his career won't be.
- 27 What is demanded of a star on a personal appearance.
- 28 Edible tuber.
- 31 Abbreviation of area.
- 33 Part of verb to be.
- 34 French for Mrs.
- 35 The fish that made roe famous.
- 36 Something stars are forbidden to be.
- 38 A tower.
- 39 Like.
- 45 Persia.
- 46 Player in "Wild Orchids."

- 47 A former De Mille actress.
- 48 Network of nerves.
- 49 A girl.
- 50 What stars do for their salaries.
- 51 How the hero outwits the villain.
- 52 What goes in sea pictures use to swab the deck.
- 53 The film that made Chester Morris famous.
- 55 Star who made her American debut in "Body and Soul."
- 56 What an actor considers his work.
- 58 Level.
- 61 What an Irishman uses for fuel.
- 67 Something a snake hasn't got.
- 68 To confess.
- 69 Polish film star who became a princess.
- 70 Something the villain seeks.
- 71 A German male star.
- 72 Only.
- 73 Put this on an animal's tail and even then you won't catch him.
- 74 How stars look at the camera.
- 75 An Arabian noble.
- 76 What a star does for publicity portraits.
- 77 Former leading woman for De Mille.
- 78 What you say after prayers.
- 79 Something romantic stars have perfected.
- 80 To pack away.
- 87 The pronoun that made La Bow famous.

(In response to your requests the puzzle answer isn't in this issue. The answer—and a brand new puzzle—will be printed next month.)





TALLULAH  
BANKHEAD

**S**HE'S making Paramount's pulse beat faster. She's a Southern girl, out of Alabama by way of London. She is very different. Her company regards her as the greatest find since Dietrich, the dangerous. She has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. She rouges her toenails and calls men "Ginks." You'll see her first in "Tarnished Lady"

ZERRENNER









**J**UNE, the love month, the marriage month, the month of honeymoons. June, when lovers whisper, "I love you as no man has ever loved before" and girl voices answer, "Darling, darling." And it is more than half true since there are as many kinds of love as there are sweethearts to share it. There is bitter, sophisticated love like that between Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." There is the forbidden hushed love between East and West as Conchita Montenegro and Leslie Howard show in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Yet ever and always the sweetest love remains that of youth in springtime, romance between the average girl and the average boy as illustrated by Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea, across the page, in "Born to Love." (And gossip says maybe there's more to this love scene than acting.)







CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

JOAN  
CRAWFORD

**Y**OU'VE seen pictures of this girl before and you'll see them again, for her popularity is growing faster than love in the moonlight. Such popularity is deserved and Joan has "Paid," "Dance Fools Dance" and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to prove it. She has two loves, her work and her husband. She brings to both of them a touch of genius. She has just finished making "Girls Together" and is about to take a much needed vacation, probably in Europe





**B**ARRIE said, "If you have charm, nothing else matters." That expresses Clive Brook. He has so much charm that you do not resent his going on playing one suave gentleman after another, even while you feel he is capable of much finer work. He lives quietly amid the glitter of Hollywood in a delightful house with a delightful wife and two most delightful children. It would be fun sometime, though, to see him really angry

CLIVE  
BROOK




## JACK OAKIE

**H**E IS the first genuine "talkie-made" star. His brand of humor is entirely his own and he kids everything from gangsters to lovers. After spoofing all other types of drama, he's now attacking the Wild West stuff in "Dude Ranch." The only thing Jack has ever taken seriously is a young thing named Mary Brian. But then, can you blame him?

RICHEE







## LORETTA YOUNG

**S**HE has played heroines in love ever since she was fourteen. She is only eighteen now. But when she started her own romance, it didn't go so well. She is separated from husband Grant Withers and back home with mother. It will be interesting to watch Loretta. She has glowing youth, beauty and real talent





M A R I E  
D R E S S L E R

**S**HE has made an awful liar out of Hollywood which says only youth and beauty can succeed. She's one of the most marvelous women in the world and she has three rules for happiness. You'll find them in Marquis Busby's remarkable story on the opposite page



# It's Not Your Age but What You Can Do That Counts

And  
Marie Dressler,  
a Girl At  
Fifty-Eight,  
Proves It

By  
Marquis  
Busby



**O**F COURSE "Anna Christie" was Greta Garbo's picture—that drab O'Neill story of the New York waterfront. For the first time the throaty voice of Garbo was to be heard from the screen. The crowds came to see Greta. Yet, it was Marie Dressler's performance which swept the country.

Marie as the comical, bedraggled, old Marthy made you laugh, but her pathetic little shrug as she tried to throw off the effects of too much Pilsner, tore at your heart. Her portrayal was one of the great triumphs of motion pictures, and it made her a star. She is one of Hollywood's great luminaries and she is 58 years old. And 28 is considered a ripe old age in the movie city.

Amazing, Marie's success at her age, and yet—

Why should age be presented in such a tragic light? The poets dip their pens in the bitter ink of tragedy when they write of the autumn of life. There is a poignant sadness to autumn, but there is also charm, warmth and vividness. I've heard of the long corridor of the years, and it sounds like a dull walk. Gertrude Atherton says the years are great black oxen—and there's nothing particularly intriguing about black oxen. Why should age be the relentless juggernaut, crushing out the hopes of people? I don't know, and Marie Dressler thinks it's all piffle. She dismissed it with an airy wave of the hand, and asked me if I had heard of Bernhardt, Melba, Paderewski, Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison. They didn't give up when

Here is *Marthy*, Marie Dressler's greatest part, in "Anna Christie," the picture which she practically stole from the divine Garbo

they passed the thirty milestone.

Marie is the youngest person I know, not even excepting Mitzi Green. She lives each day with a glorious zest for the living, and she's about as doddering as a high school

co-ed. And, yet, Marie is approaching sixty, frank, happy and unafraid of the great, black oxen. She hasn't had her face lifted, and she doesn't try to act like Clara Bow. Marie is young without trying.

"I'm still 58," she laughed, "and if you can add, you'll know how old I'll be next year. Why, 57, of course. I never feel or think that I am getting old. In the first place it doesn't matter how old you are.

"If a person is young in heart and soul, he is young if he made his debut at the Boston Tea Party. If he isn't, he is old at twenty."

She doesn't believe that there is any particular trick to staying young gracefully. It doesn't occur to her that she has made an awful liar out of Hollywood. The producers had been muttering for years that the fans wanted youth—youth—youth. Bright eyes, golden hair and puppy love. Along comes Marie and scores one of the great hits of film history. At 58 she is more popular than a dozen pretty blonde creatures with trim ankles and saucer eyes.

"Naturally I'm glad that I can have a good job at my age, and in such a glorious place as Southern California. But," she warned me, "I don't see any reason why anybody can't have a good job at 58— [Continued on page 74]





Peggy Ross

# The Lucky

*How Hollywood Discovered  
the New Crop of Young-  
sters Which It Is Trying to  
Make into the Stars of 1935*



Joan  
Marsh

**T**WENTY-FOUR girls and four boys ranging from the ages of seventeen to twenty are now under contract to the leading motion picture studios as possible stars of tomorrow. They are being groomed to replace the Ruth Chattertons, the Clara Bows, the Ronald Colmans and the George Bancrofts as the years move forward.

Behold the budding crop.

They're interesting.

Some are from convents and some are from Broadway. Some have the dreams of childhood as the incentive to their careers, while others are stepping before a camera without preliminary thought. Some knew a friend of a friend who knew the right person. Some are animated. Some stare dumbly at popping questions.

They represent a typical cross-section of American life.

Hollywood, starving for new names and new faces, has been combing the nation for material. Today finds the film capital faced with a serious problem—a shortage of stars. I make this statement in the face of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of youngsters in all parts of the world who are willing to join executives in any experimenting which might net them from \$100 to \$400 a week and give them a chance to smile benignly down from the screen on the folks of the

old home town.

The problem, however, lies not in the quantity of material, but in the quality. Stage presence, personality, ability and training, figure in the selections which have been made. Pretty faces and pretty figures are only a part of the Hollywood scheme of things.

I went to see all twenty-eight of the young hopefuls to find out what they were like—and I learned a lot. For example:

Of the gang twelve admit being in love and sixteen deny having any sentimental attachment for the opposite sex.

Two of the girls admit being married secretly.

Twenty-two live with one or both parents, divorce predominating among the parents.

Twenty-one girls admit liking petting.

Nineteen girls place their motion picture



Yvonne Pelletier

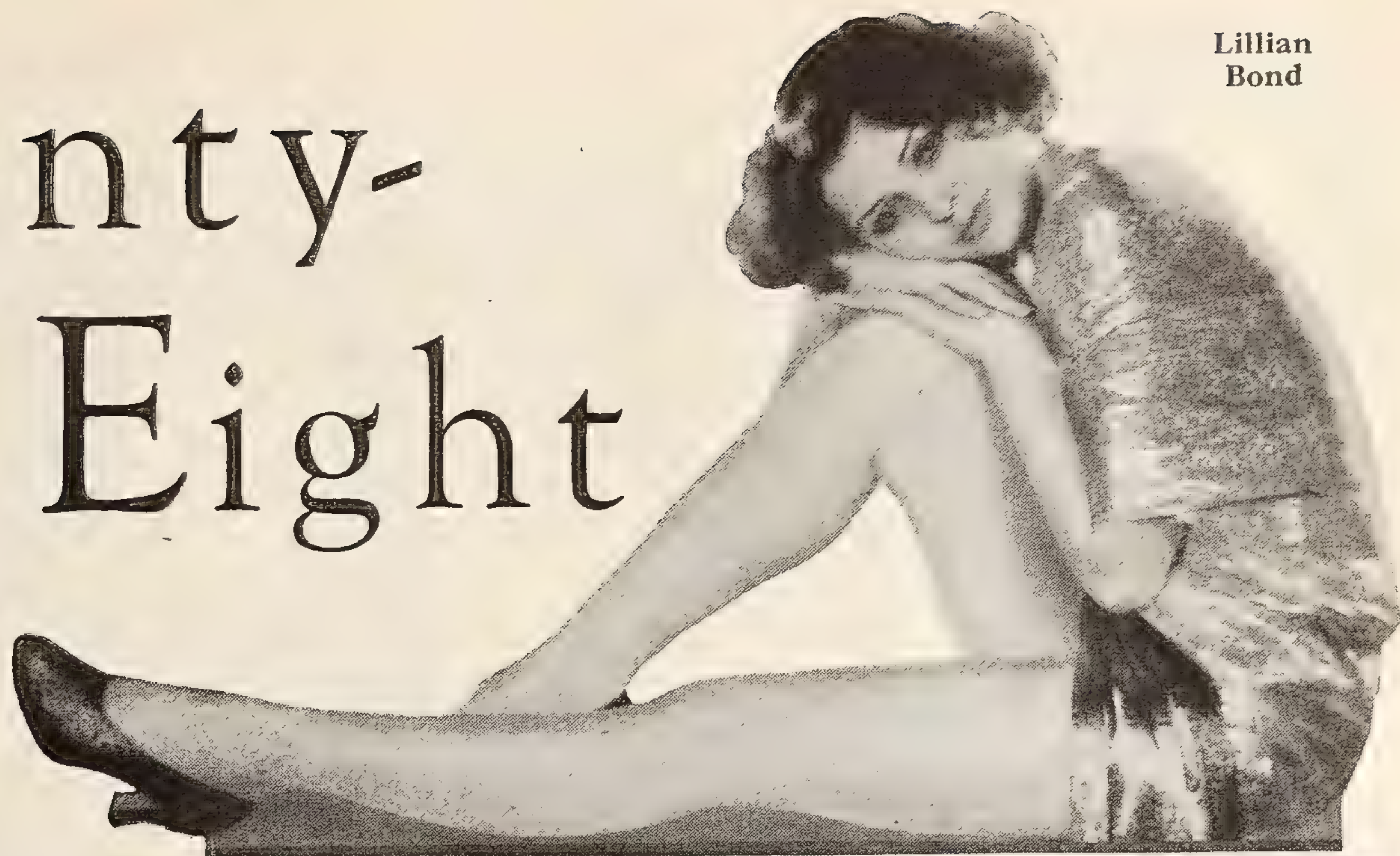
SILVER SCREEN



# Twenty-Eight

By  
John  
Auburn

Lillian  
Bond



career ahead of marriage. They'll sacrifice marriage if necessary.

Two favor marriage. They would sacrifice their careers for it.

Three believe in a mixture of marriage and a career.

The average length of time before the girls will consider marriage at all is eight years.

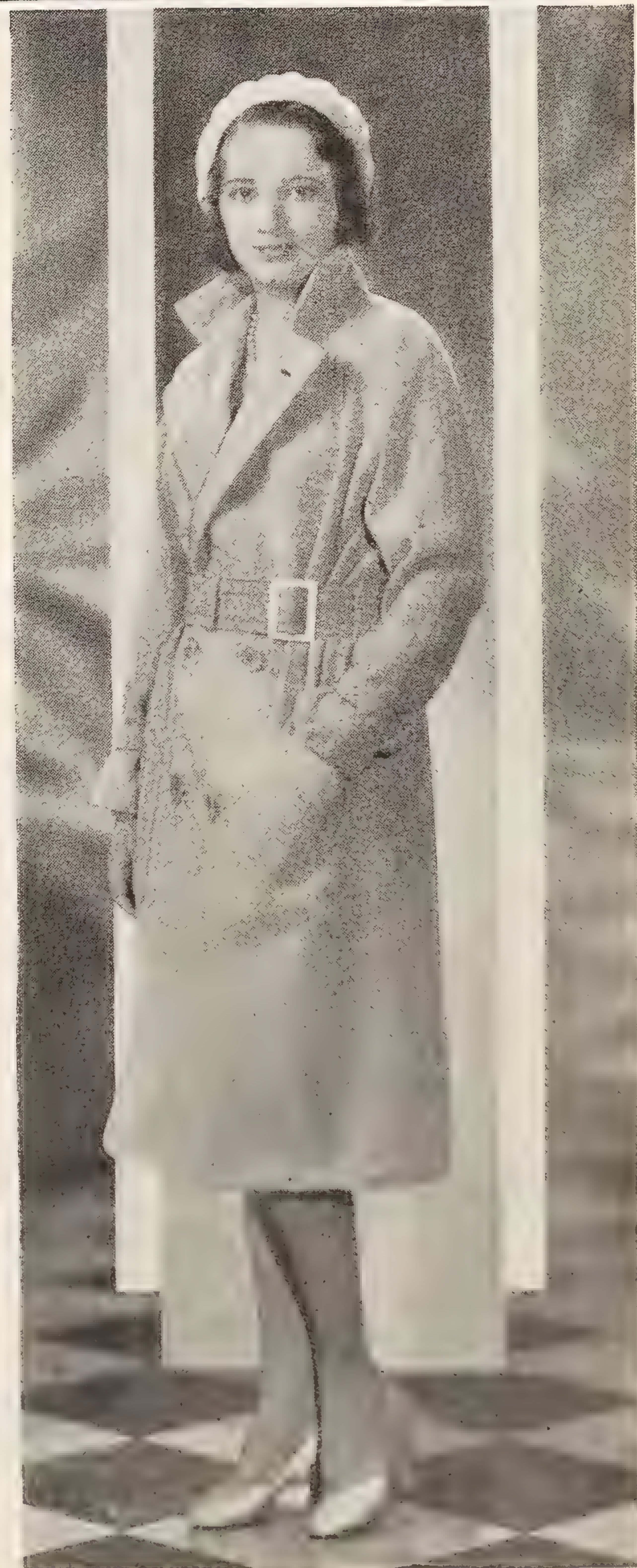
The youngsters, most of them untried, are receiving from \$100 to \$400 a week.

Radio Pictures has five girls under contract; Warner Brothers-First National, five girls and a boy; Fox, four girls and a boy, and is dropping a boy; Columbia has three girls and a boy; Metro has three girls; Paramount, one girl; Universal, three girls; and Pathé, one girl.

Well, let's look them over and find out how they broke in.

Robert Allen, former Dartmouth football player and airplane salesman, lived next door to H. M. Warner in Mount Vernon, New York. He "palled" with Lewis Warner, H. M.'s son. H. M. saw his picture possibilities and sent him to California. Today he is studying in the Warner Brothers-First National dramatic school. You'll see him in "The Reckless Hour" and "We Three." He looks good.

Roberta Gale, now a featured player in Radio comedies, has been in Hollywood since May, 1929. She knew the mother of Joseph Schnitzer, president of Radio Pictures, and Schnitzer saw her possibilities. She had studied interior decorating at Miami University. Her only experience was in high school dramatics. If she hadn't known Mrs. Schnitzer she'd still be in Miami. Another of Radio's bets—and one of their best—is Arline Judge, whose chief pride is that she had flown fifty-two hours. Her career is wild, although she is only nineteen years old. For a time she went with Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of Otto Kahn, financier. This was after she ran away from New Rochelle (N. Y.) College. Pandro Berman, who assists William



Joan Castle

Arline  
Judge



# How to Break Into the Movies

*This article gives you all the answers*



**Roxanne  
Curtis**



**Constance  
Cummings**



**Anita  
Louise**



**Ruth  
Weston**

Le Baron, in charge of Radio production, heard her sing "Say Something Simple" in a Jack Donahue review and Le Baron signed her. To date: "Bachelor Apartment," "American Tragedy" and "White Shoulders."

Anita Louise, sixteen, (right name Anita Louise Fruhman), has had a long career in motion pictures and she is, to my mind, one of the best bets of the year. Ten years ago she appeared in "The Music Master" and with Reginald Denny in "What a Man." Her latest part is in "The Woman Between." She was Helen Twelvetrees' daughter in "Millie" and played leads in "The Third Alarm" and "Just Like Heaven." She is blonde, delicate and Gishlike, and is chaperoned, wherever she goes, by a devoted mother. Charles R. Rogers selected her from eighty-two candidates for the rôle in "Millie" and gave her a long-term contract.

Universal is betting just at present on Bette Davis, twenty, and Sidney Fox, nineteen. Bette is a blonde. She was born in Boston, received an æsthetic education which ended after she left Cushing Academy and became the only woman life-guard at Agonquit, Maine. She studied under John Murray Anderson, worked with the Cape Cod players for a week, resigned, became an usher in the theatre, and finally charged onto Broadway with the Provincetown Players. Universal signed

her. She scores in "Seed," John Boles' latest picture.

Sidney Fox is a fiery brunette who drives wide open, as far as her career is concerned, and doesn't bother with brakes.

She went to Columbia Law School, got a job in a law office, gave it up because it was too dull, and eventually landed a job with a stock company at Johnstown, Pa. She was a newspaper columnist at sixteen, and gave fervid advice to the lovelorn. She tried to get into pictures before going to Johnstown, failed, and on her return to New York City landed in the lights. Junior Laemmle saw her and a contract was the result. She has "Bad Sister" and "Six Cylinder Love" to her credit.

Movie schools have always intrigued motion picture producers. One or another always is starting an acting school. Paramount had one several years ago and got Buddy Rogers. Today the company fights shy of raw material. Its only exception now is Carman Barnes, who, at eighteen, will star in her own production, "Débutante." She was a writer until a couple of months ago.

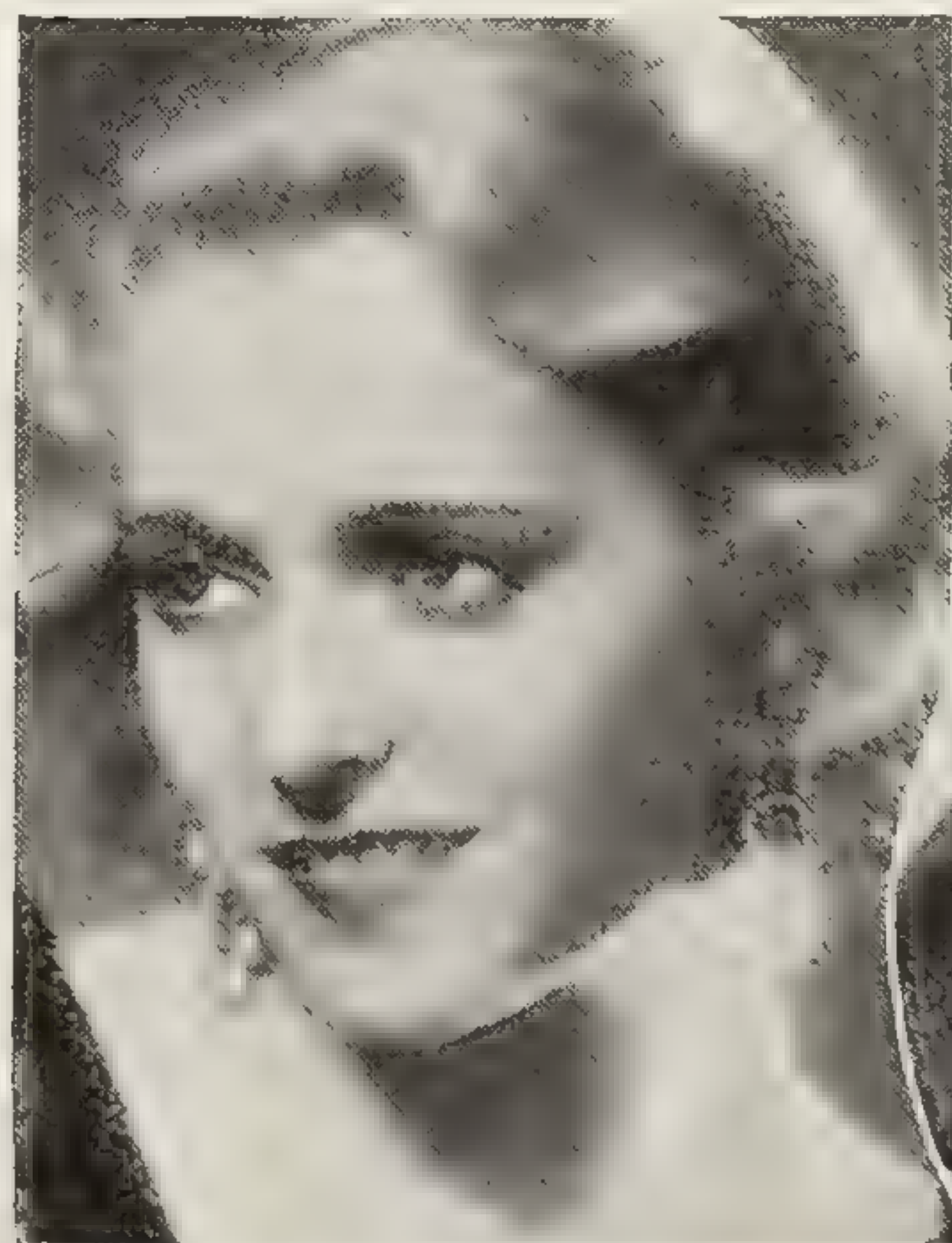
Pathé had a school three years ago, and produced Stanley Smith, Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Jeanette Loff and Marian Marsh, all of whom have made good. That school is abandoned, too, and the only existing schools of note today are at [Continued on page 64]



**Gladys  
Ford**



**Mae  
Madison**



**Loretta  
Sayers**



**Rochelle  
Hudson**



# The STRANGE CASE of Gavin Gordon



Hollywood Wished Him  
All Kinds of Luck—  
And Gave It To Him

By  
Andrew  
Hillson

Gordon looks at  
the world with  
bewildered eyes  
and does not un-  
derstand

TWICE whipped by circumstances—circumstances which bordered on the tragic because of the fierce battle he had waged to reach the high places of filmdom—Gavin Gordon walked into the offices of an executive at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, where he has been under contract.

It was at the time that they were casting "Inspiration" starring Greta Garbo.

He was not yet downed. He had builded his house twice only to have it swept away each time by gales of misfortune. He had stepped twice into this whirling maelstrom called Hollywood, had been hurled to the peaks of success by the uncontrolled currents which bring both fame and misfortune so quickly, and then hurled away from them.

He had a certain philosophy. That philosophy was:

"You can do anything you want to—you can get anything you want to—if you'll only fight for it."

The executive looked up at him and smiled.

"I wonder—" Gavin faltered, "I wonder if you'll let me play a bit in the Garbo picture. I don't care what it is. I don't want any pay for my work. I—well, I—"

The executive's smile was replaced by a frown.

"If I didn't know you so well," he replied, "I'd think you'd gone a little nutty. I could give you such a part, son, but it wouldn't be fair to you or your future. You've got a great opportunity for as big or bigger parts than you've had already. Forget the small stuff—"

"But I want the part—I want Garbo to know how much she has done for me and how I appreciate it. She gave me my greatest chance—"

"No!"

Crestfallen, Gordon left the room. He had made his gallant gesture to the woman to whom he felt he owed so much. He had lost. But he wasn't discouraged. He isn't discouraged, and he won't be.

Ten years ago, Gavin Gordon worked on a railroad and wanted to be an actor. After twelve years of adversity, he played opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance." He had an accident just before the picture started and after Garbo held up the picture as long as she could for him, he worked with his body wrapped in adhesive tape because he wanted to justify her faith in him.

It is too bad that this quiet young man, who lives in a little white bungalow with his older sister on one of the silent avenues of Hollywood, has been branded a darling of the gods. For while he has [Continued on page 68]



Gavin's love scenes with Garbo in "Romance" were thrilling. Fame was his. But now—



# MORE MOVIE

[Continued]



The Merry Widow comes back! And doesn't Mae Murray look just as delectable as ever in this black lace scanty? This is the way she appeared in "Bachelor Apartment" for RKO. Her reward is a contract with that company

**HEARTS IN HOLLYWOOD:** Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor used to recommend vacations for both husband and wife as making for marital bliss. But their recipe didn't work in their case, anyway. Jack Dempsey is trying to establish a residence in Reno, and Reno is the place where they get divorces, you know. They were married February 7, 1925.

**THE** Marquis de la Falaise and Connie Bennett have quarreled. It seems that as soon as the Marquis got his divorce from Gloria Swanson, Connie began to lose interest in him. She turned her attention to her new leading man, Joel McCrea. They would sit at the beach in the sun for hours, and Joel would tell Connie to be sure to get a nice coat of tan. The Marquis didn't think it was necessary for Connie to take such a personal interest in her leading man.

A funny angle on the case is that the Marquis, having been discarded by Connie, is becoming quite chummy again with his ex-wife, Gloria Swanson.



Well, is Bobby Jones teaching Dick Barthelmess to play golf or is Dick teaching Bobby how to act? Either way, they're close pals. The emperor Jones is in Hollywood making a series of shorts for Warner Bros., while Dick is busy working on his next picture, "Spent Heroes" (which, incidentally, wins our prize as goofiest title of the month)

**ALL** the gossip-hounds would have you believe that Janet Gaynor is about to leave her husband. Yet, in spite of rumor, she drops over to his studio for luncheon whenever she has a spare moment.

**LILLIAN ROTH** surprised everybody by getting married recently. The lucky man was William C. Scott, 22, son of a Pittsburgh lumber magnate. The wedding took place April 11, in Atlanta, Ga.

**DIXIE LEE** and her radio-broadcasting husband, Bing Crosby, recently decided that they had come to the parting of the ways. But they have since made up, and are ready to grin and bear it.

**IT'S AN** open secret that Pola Negri and Mae Murray were never the best of pals, not even when they became sisters-in-law. Pola married Prince Serge Mdivani, while Mae Murray was married to his brother, Prince David Mdivani.

Now that Pola Negri has sued Prince Serge for divorce, Mae Murray has welcomed Mary McCormic, his future bride, with open arms and is playing hostess to her in her Hollywood home.

**BECAUSE** Barbara Bennett went to Europe alone recently, there were rumors of a coming separation between Barbara and Morton Downey. But gossip

for once proved itself in the wrong, for the instant Barbara heard that Morton was ill, she headed straight for home. And now they're finding comfort in each other's arms, and it isn't cold comfort either.

**HELEN TWELVETREES** has been separated from Clark Twelvetrees for quite some time, but her final decree of divorce wasn't granted until March 31. She goes places with a new sweetheart, who isn't known in Hollywood, and whom she hasn't introduced round yet.

**TOM MIX** was recently asked if he was going to marry Mrs. Mabel Pelkey, a divorcee who testified for him when he was sued for breach of contract. "Me get married! Naw," said Mix. "The only woman I love is my ex-wife, Victoria Ford. I want her back some day."

Mrs. Mix originally got her divorce from Mix on the ground that he was a dangerous character, for he used to twirl guns around the house. Just a little habit that came from playing in too many Westerns, probably.

At present Tom Mix is with the Sells-Floto circus.

**MARY NOLAN**, whose real name is Imogene Wilson Robertson, ankled up an altar recently with Wallace T. Macrery, the broker. They were married in



# TOWN TOPICS

from page 15]



Why young men like to become directors. Eddie Goulding, who writes, directs and talks a bit better than almost any other male in movies, had a birthday at the Eastern Paramount studios. The extra girls and Nancy Carroll crowded around him and gave him this cake. (Of course, they never thought anything about being within camera range!)

Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 28. Mary Nolan gave her age as 25; Macrery said he was 23.

Mary and Wallace met in Los Angeles a year ago.

Mary Nolan does not intend to retire from the screen. She hopes to begin work on a film, "Racketeers of New York." After that she will probably go in for vaudeville or go on the stage.

Her marriage marks the climax of a perfectly thrilling and amazing career, which has been full of ups and downs. Her screen career as Imogene Wilson ended with a national scandal in which she was involved with Frank Tinney. She made a stirring comeback as Mary Nolan. For a long time her identity was kept a secret. She was regarded as one of the most promising stars under contract to Universal. Then came accusations, afterwards denied, of her being a drug fiend. She had hardly struggled out of this difficulty when she was involved in new ones. She was temperamental, emotional. She quarreled with Carl Laemmle, who controls the destinies of Universal players. Finally, in a rage, he refused to renew her contract. And so now . . . vaudeville. Her career has brought her little happiness. The same thing is true of her tempestuous love affairs. Perhaps with marriage will come peace and contentment, and even the fulfillment of a career that was almost wrecked.

for JUNE 1931

**SEEN TOGETHER:** Clarence Brown, the director, and Mona Maris, the actress.

Anita Page and Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, a young New Yorker.

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard.

Stanley Smith and Mary Lawlor.

Gloria Swanson and Gene Markey.

**H**AVE you noticed that all the young screen stars are marrying into Wall Street this season?

There's Olive Borden, who was married very quietly to Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, on March 28 in Harrison, New York. Friends think they went to the Pacific Coast for their honeymoon.

Then there's Jeanette MacDonald who's to become a bride the first week in June. The lucky man is Robert G. Ritchie, New York stockbroker. They've been engaged for quite some time, having first met at a party at the Mayfair Club in New York three years ago.

**M**ARILYN MILLER denies being engaged to Fred Astaire.

To be sure, he did send her a cablegram reading, "I love you, Marilyn dear."

And she did reply, "Do you really mean it, my own?"

But according to Marilyn, they were just rehearsing lines from a play.



This, children, is that svelte and blonde seductress, Jean Harlow, when she was just a comedy girl on the Hal Roach lot. Think how beautiful Jean is now and be encouraged as to what a lot a smart girl can learn

**T**HE romance between Wesley Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron," and Kathryn Crawford has cooled. Arline Judge seems to be taking Kathryn's place in the director's affections.

**R**EX LEASE, the actor, whose career was threatened when he was accused of striking Vivian Duncan, has lived down that incident and is now married to Eleanor Hunt. The marriage took place on April 9 at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Speaking of Vivian Duncan, she was told by three specialists that it would be fatal to her to have a child. But she thought motherhood worth taking the risk for, and a daughter was born to her March 20 at Wurzburg, Bavaria. She's doing quite nicely, and Nils Asther, her husband, is delighted.

**M**RS. HAL ROACH, formerly Margaret Nichols, screen actress, is suing her husband for divorce. He's the motion picture producer who specializes in comedies.

[Continued on page 60]



Another Love  
 Story of  
 Movietown  
 by  
 The Hollywood  
 Insider

# The Love Sap



**T**HERE was quiet in the courtroom. A sinister quiet fraught with the promise of scandal. Hundreds of eyes feasted avidly on beautiful Sallie Shaw whose head was sunk deep into the fur collar of her coat.

The intimate secrets of a star's private life—and no way to stop the revelations! The epitome of shame simply because a girl had dared to be herself—and love honestly!

"Continue, Miss Jones," the judge said with a nod to the girl in the chair.

"Well, the way Sallie threw her money away was something awful. Her bootlegger's bills were simply scandalous and she'd think nothing at all of losing several thousand in one evening at poker or roulette. And the presents she gave her boy friends!"

Miss Jones paused to suck in her breath.

"Say, I guess she had to give them presents. She couldn't keep them any other way. But even with wrist watches and automobiles she couldn't keep them more than a few weeks. Why, she even had to buy her own engagement ring!"

There was a gasp of surprise in the room, followed by a series of snickers. The beautiful "heart interest" of the screen, the most sought after star in Hollywood, the personification of sex appeal, had to buy her own engagement ring! Respectable women fingered respectable rings given them by respectable men—and not yet paid for. Immedi-

**When that final love letter was read to the court, Sallie forgot everything and just cried like a little child that has broken her favorite doll**

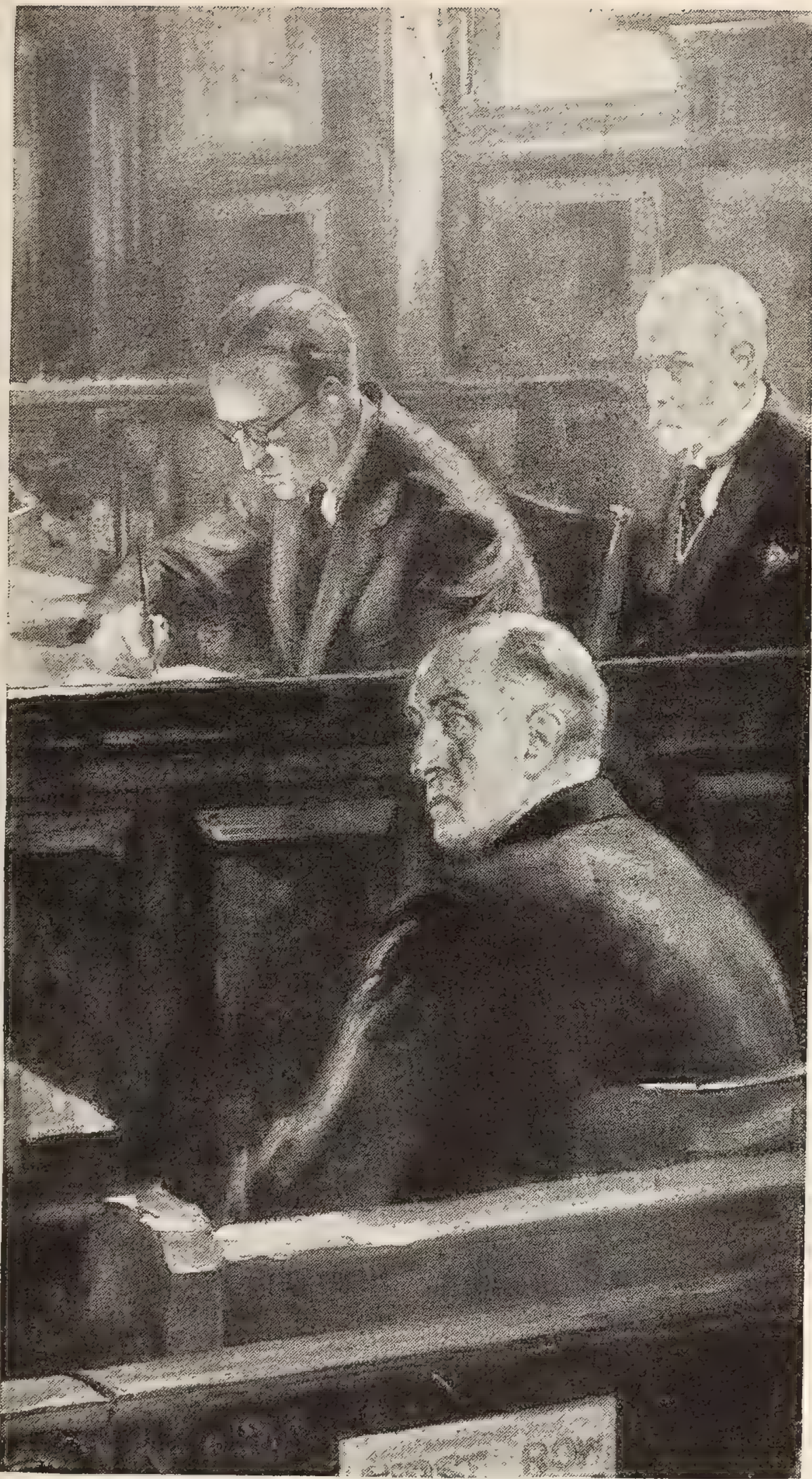
ately they felt superior to the lovely young star.

I sat still, bitter and brooding, back among the newspaper reporters, and wondered if Sallie Shaw could continue to hold her public. The American public could overlook a lot. It could even close its eyes when Sex raised its exotic head—but this—could it be forgiven? Sallie had hopelessly defied conventions by buying her own engagement ring. That wasn't done.

I knew this wasn't the first engagement ring that the poor kid had bought herself. But I knew what tattle-tale Ethel Jones didn't know. No one knew except myself and one other man—Jimmy Wallace. Ten years since Sallie or I had heard of Jimmy, yet in a way Jimmy was the cause of all of Sallie's wildness—of all her disillusion. If Jimmy hadn't been such a pig-headed fool, Sallie Shaw would not this day be suffering the tortures of the damned. But let me tell you her story and you can judge for yourself.

Jim and Sallie and I grew up together in the slums of a big city. Dreary brownstone fronts, wailing babies, drunken fathers, and the everlasting odors of cabbage and





onions and Friday's fish. Childhood days. Impressionable days.

Money was a myth. We heard about it, but never saw any. No wonder Sallie spent money rashly when finally it came her way.

"What would you do with a million dollars?" was a favorite game of ours.

"I'd buy everybody I liked a beautiful present," Sallie would say, "and then I'd buy myself an ermine coat and dance all night."

Sallie kept her word later on—and didn't realize what a child she was being.

Jim and I punched each other in the nose for the privilege of taking Sallie's books home from school. Rather painful for me, but nothing compared to the pain I experienced later on when I learned that Sallie and Jim were in love. I saw him kiss her the first time and her face took on a heavenly glow like a window in a church when the sun shines through it. From that day on Jim was Sallie's sun—and she shone only for him. I was so much outer ether.

When Sallie was sixteen she suddenly changed from a rather plump little hoyden with a mass of tawdry hair into a slim young creature of startling beauty.

"She can't be good—she's too pretty," the neighbors said in their customary neighborly manner.

They didn't have to wait long to say, "I told you so."

When Jim made as much as twenty-five dollars a week, he planned to marry Sallie and start housekeeping in a two room flat. But in the meanwhile Jim was only making fifteen a week, and Sallie was impatient for that home and fireside.

Besides, she was dreaming visions of wealth, and when she saw a movie contest she sent in her picture. What's more, she won the contest—plus a couple of weeks' work with the producing outfit that was sponsoring it. When the first Saturday came around and they handed her fifty dollars, the poor kid nearly fell over in a dead faint. She didn't know there was that much money in the world. She could hardly wait for Jim to come that evening.

"Look, darling!" She fairly danced into his arms as soon as he approached the brownstone steps of the house where she lived. "Look, I bought you a present—a watch. Isn't it gorgeous?"

Jim eyed the watch suspiciously. There were three generations of Puritans back of big curly-headed Jimmy Wallace. An awful curse for any boy.

"THIS watch is expensive," he said slowly. "It cost a lot of money. I don't accept presents from girls."

"But, Jim," cried Sallie, "I'm not just any girl now. I'm your fiancée. See the grand engagement ring I bought for us. Two more payments—but isn't it swell? Just look at that diamond sparkle. No girl on the block has as beautiful an engagement ring as mine."

Jim's face was drained of all its color. Furiously he seized her by her wrist.

"Where did you get the money?" he shouted hoarsely.

"Why, Jim, don't get so excited. From the movie company. I won that contest. I didn't tell you about it before because I wanted to surprise you."

"No decent girl plays in pictures," Jim roared. "Actresses are bums, all of them. Everybody knows that. You'll quit that work right now. I don't want my girl earning money. How would I ever know where it came from—and for what?"

Sallie's face had turned as white as the dress she wore. She had only meant Jim to be happy—and here he was raging like a madman.

"I worked hard," Sallie said, great tears rolling down her cheeks. "But I didn't mind because I was thinking of all the nice things I could buy you—and the ring so we could be engaged like other people. Why do you have to be so nasty, Jim? I haven't done anything wrong. Honest, I haven't."

"How can I be sure?" Jim demanded. "I'm no two-year-old. I've heard how girls get into the movies. You'll be having an apartment on Riverside Drive next, and telling me you haven't done anything wrong. How can I believe you?"

"All right," said Sallie, suddenly angry. "You don't have to believe me. I'm through with you, see? I'm going to California with Splendor Films and I hope I never have to see you again."

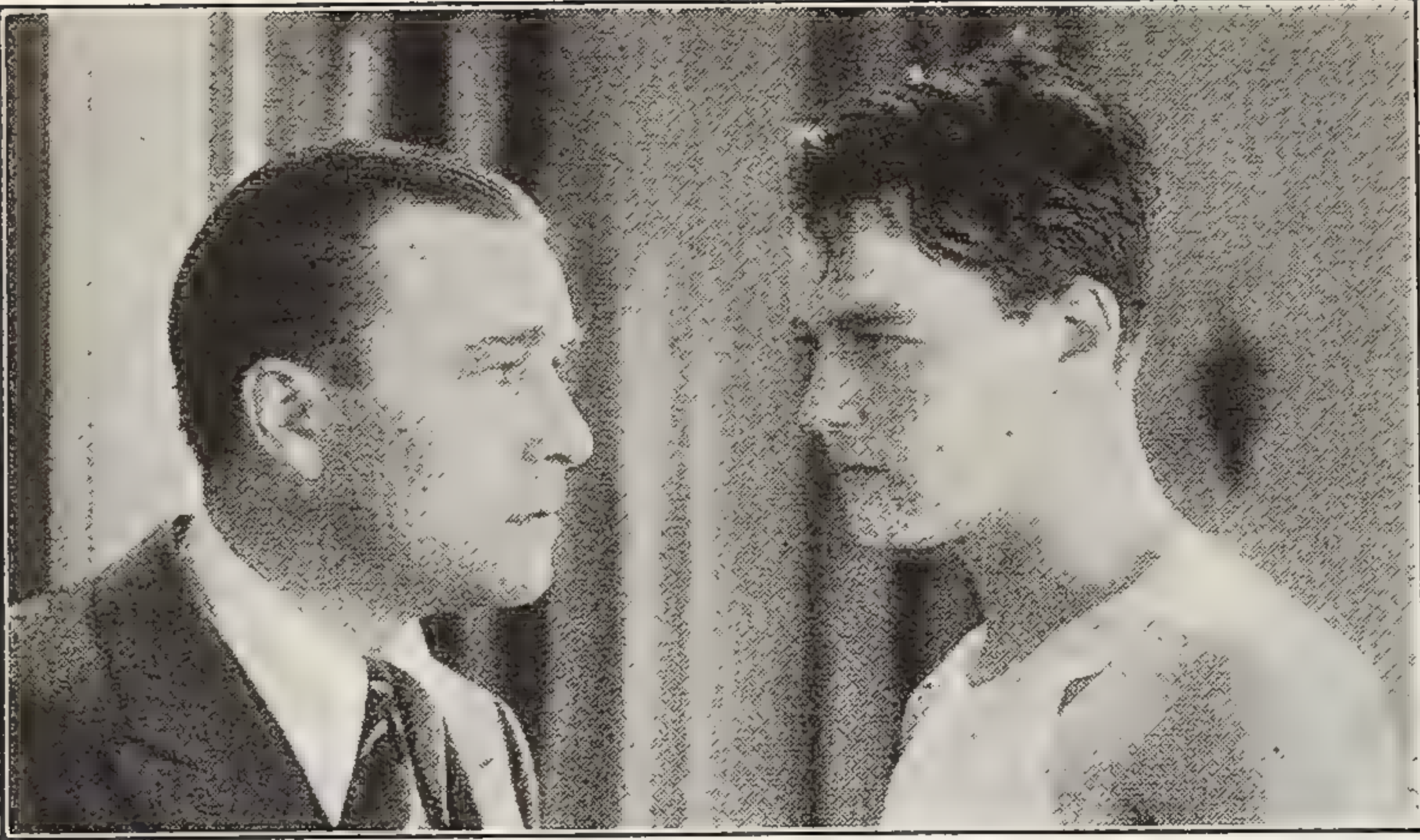
It was a lover's quarrel, of course—or should have been.

Up to the last minute before the train pulled out Sallie prayed that Jim might come to her. One word from him and she would gladly have torn up her one-hundred-a-week contract and returned to the drabness of the tenements. But square-headed Cromwell himself was one of Jim's ancestors. If there ever was a lad bound to be a reformer, it was Jim. He didn't get in touch with Sallie—and he saw to it that she couldn't get in touch with him.

Sallie was a knockout in Splendor pictures from the very beginning. Perhaps if she had been differently cast she might have grown into a different [Continued on page 70]



# Silver Screen's



## THE IRON MAN

Rating: GOOD

Universal

A really splendid prize-fight picture starring Lew Ayres—but it isn't Lew Ayres' picture. Robert Armstrong, as a fight manager, steals it. The story concerns a fighter who is the usual dupe of a smart unscrupulous wife who ruins him in the ring in more ways than one. Not a new plot but the action is swift and thrilling, and the dialogue excellent. Jean Harlow gives an interesting performance as the unfaithful wife. You'll like this one.



## SHIPMATES

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

Hoorah! The navy got Robert Montgomery and he started his stardom with a good picture. "Shipmates" is one of those Alger-like yarns full of youth and pep. Bob is mistaken for a millionaire oil lad, gets a place on the admiral's ship, falls in love with his daughter and finally makes good. It's a gay, full of fun picture that will send you away happy. Bob Montgomery is grand, and Dorothy Jordan gives snappy support.



## DIRIGIBLE

Rating: GREAT

Columbia

A thriller! There are some scenes you won't quickly forget—the Los Angeles in action, a monster dirigible cracking up in a storm, a plane crashing. The story's about a thrill-hunting cuss, played by Ralph Graves. His wife begs him not to go to the South Pole, but he goes. She gives him a note to be opened when he lands, telling him she's through and will marry his best friend. Ralph Graves and Jack Holt are great. Fay Wray's the wife.



## THE FRONT PAGE

Rating: GREAT

United Artists

And it's still the best newspaper story written. It's packed with drama and comedy—mostly comedy. It tells the story of a star reporter who tries to quit to get married, and of a managing editor who'll go to any lengths to keep him. Adolphe Menjou as the managing editor will knock you right out of your seat! Pat O'Brien as the reporter is a little lacking in romance, but Mary Brian and Mae Clarke are good. It's a hit!



## SKIPPY

Rating: GREAT

Paramount

Here is the kid picture of the year, a worthy successor to "Tom Sawyer." It tells the story of little Skippy, who becomes friends with Sooky, a boy who lives on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Together they try to save Sooky's dog from the dog catcher, but they arrive too late. However, Skippy's dad straightens everything out. Jackie Cooper is a positive sensation as Skippy, and Robert Coogan is splendid as Sooky.

SILVER SCREEN



# Reviewing Stand



## THE MILLIONAIRE

Rating: **GREAT**  
*Warners*

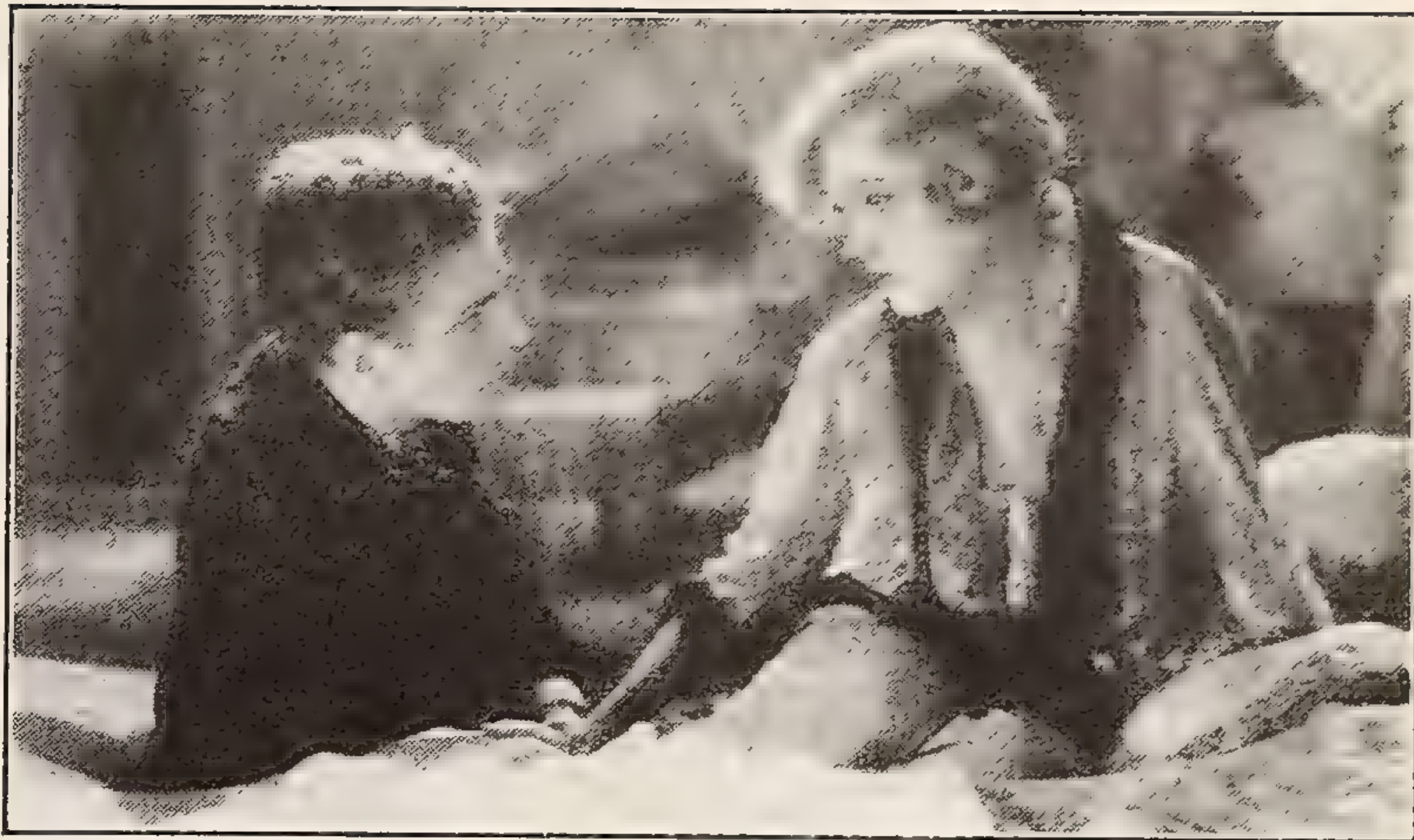
Mr. George Arliss scores again! His rôle is even more appealing than anything he's done before. He's a grand old millionaire forced to retire because of ill-health, but unable to keep from working. Under an assumed name he helps a youth run a service station and also his love affair—as only Arliss can manage a love affair. It's grand entertainment. David Manners, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall, James Cagney and Evalyn Knapp are all splendid.



## QUICK MILLIONS

Rating: **GOOD**  
*Fox*

Another gangster picture—but oh what a dandy this one is! It tells the powerful story of a truck driver with millionaire ambitions who rises from the gutter and finally runs afoul of his own gang. The picture has been photographed like a newsreel, with highlights of terrific feeling and great characters shown in short, snappy scenes. Spencer Tracy is the machine gun lad. Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill are splendid.



## IT'S A WISE CHILD

Rating: **GOOD**  
*M-G-M*

Marion Davies has a swell comedy in this one, although James Gleason comes near stealing the honors as Cool Kelly, the iceman, who finally finds himself the father of a housemaid's child. At any rate, it gives the heroine an idea on how to test the love of her sweetie. An unexpected lad proves to be the real hero and everything is finally adjusted. Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Marie Prevost and Lester Vail are great.



## BORN TO LOVE

Rating: **GOOD**  
*Pathé*

Here's Constance Bennett playing an American aviatrix in a story of wartime romance, wartime marriage and a wartime baby. It is a plot so frankly handled it may offend many people, but the glamorous Connie is lovely in it and will make you cry. Joel McCrea and Paul Cavanaugh are the two men and the love scenes are as thrilling as any screened in months. Go to this if you like emotion, but be warned—it's highly sophisticated.

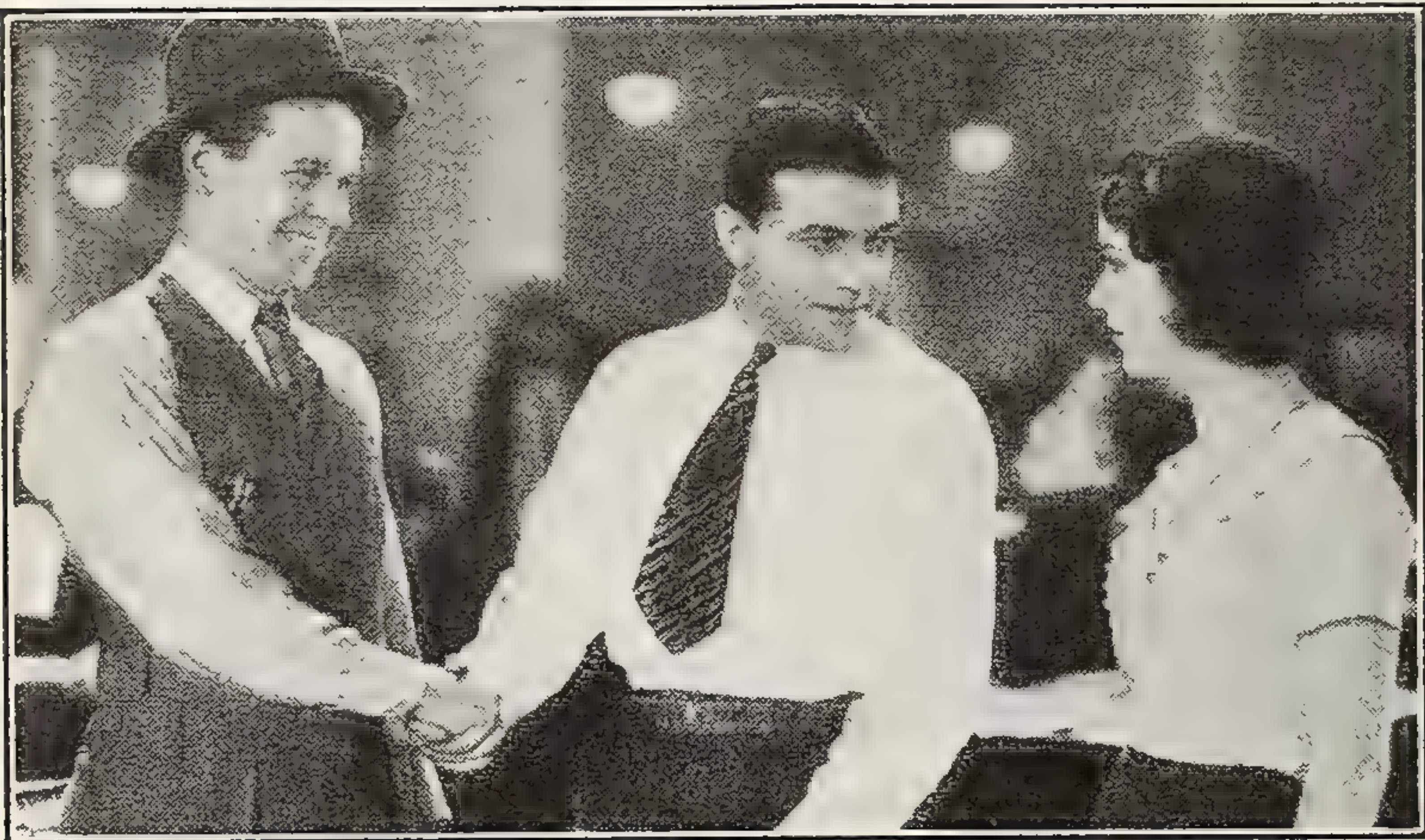


## THE MAD PARADE

Rating: **GOOD**  
*Tiffany*

"Journey's End" from the feminine angle. There's not a male actor in the cast—it's all girls! It's quite an amazing experiment and we think it's really worth while. The story has to do with a feminine ambulance unit in France during the heaviest part of the war with all the real tragedy, genuine horror and suffering. Evelyn Brent plays a hard-boiled girl who is a genuine heroine. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda are also good.





## THE FINGER POINTS

**Rating: GOOD**  
*First National*

The most exciting gangster film we've seen since "Little Caesar." It tells the story of an idealistic young reporter who is cruelly disillusioned in Chicago. He turns crooked and begins collecting bribes when he sees what a sap he was. His sweetheart, Fay Wray, tries to make him give it up. The picture isn't plausible all the way through, but it's thrilling. Richard Barthelmess, Clark Gable and Regis Toomey are grand.



## THE SECRET SIX

**Rating: GOOD**

A gangster picture based on the story of Jake Lingle, the Chicago reporter who was murdered by gangsters. The story is a little too brutal to be quite as entertaining as it should, and it's a question whether Wallace Beery ought to be cast as a "yellow" killer. There's no question, however, but that Clark Gable is destined for a big future, after his splendid performance as a reporter in this one and as a gangster in other films.



## STEPPING OUT

**Rating: GOOD**  
*M-G-M*

Get your ribs all set for one long and hearty laugh. Hollywood and Agua Caliente serve as locales for a rip-roaring farce of a couple of hubbies who figure they can do some private partying with a couple of girl friends while their wives are away. The wives return unexpectedly and the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood, Cliff Edwards, Reginald Denny, Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond and Merna Kennedy are particularly good.



## THE PUBLIC ENEMY

**Rating: GOOD**  
*Warners*

This gangster picture is slightly different from the average run of underworld things, but it lacks a consistent story. It is more of a series of episodes. It takes a group of gangsters from their childhood days of petty thefts to the present day booze racket. Women may not like the picture because of the many ruthless killings. But the performances of James Cagney, Edward Woods, Jean Harlow and Beryl Mercer are all good.



## CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

**Rating: GOOD**  
*Fox*

This just makes the grade of better pictures. It's an entertaining program picture, with a sufficient number of murders to make it fairly exciting. The book by Earl Derr Biggers was a real mystery thriller. The story's about a group of murders that occur on a round-the-world tour. A Chinese detective rounds up the murderer. Warner Oland is good as the sleuth, who's a little too quaint. Marguerite Churchill is charming.



## BIG BUSINESS GIRL

**Rating: FAIR**  
*First National*

Loretta Young and Frank Albertson, a very cute couple, are teamed together for the first time. The story's of a girl who wants to make good in her own right, and of a boy who likes playing more than work. The girl, however, manages affairs perfectly, eventually boosting her husband to success and giving the villain the air. It's a refreshing picture of young love, but there isn't much to it. Ricardo Cortez and Dorothy Christy are in the cast.



# REVIEW IN



## THE CON- QUERING HORDE

Rating: FAIR

*Paramount*

An old-fashioned Western with mild thrills and plenty of love. The conquering horde that has to be driven to Arlen offers to help our hero, Wray, by driving the cattle; but the villain still has to fight the Indians. The heroine unjustly suspects the hero but all's love and kisses at the end. All right. Adults will find it a very average and rather



## THE LIGHTNING FLYER

Rating: POOR

*Columbia*

Once upon a time some road story concerning a man who shifts for himself. Once good on his father's name, captured the villain who was his pany, and married the foreman's daughter. "The Lightning Flyer." James Hall, Doris Miller do their best, but it isn't good.



## HELL BOUND

Rating: GOOD

*Tiffany*

Without Leo Carrillo as a sentimental Italian would be just a blur. "Caesar." But he's so good in the picture. The story is about a man who befriends an innocent girl and murders another. She in turn marries the gangster so that he can be called upon to testify against him. But she is not. Carrillo's fine; Lola Lane charming; the rest is

for JUNE 1931



woodShows

formal Clothes  
that  
e You Smart  
this  
Summer



SILVER SCREEN



# You How to “Dress Down”



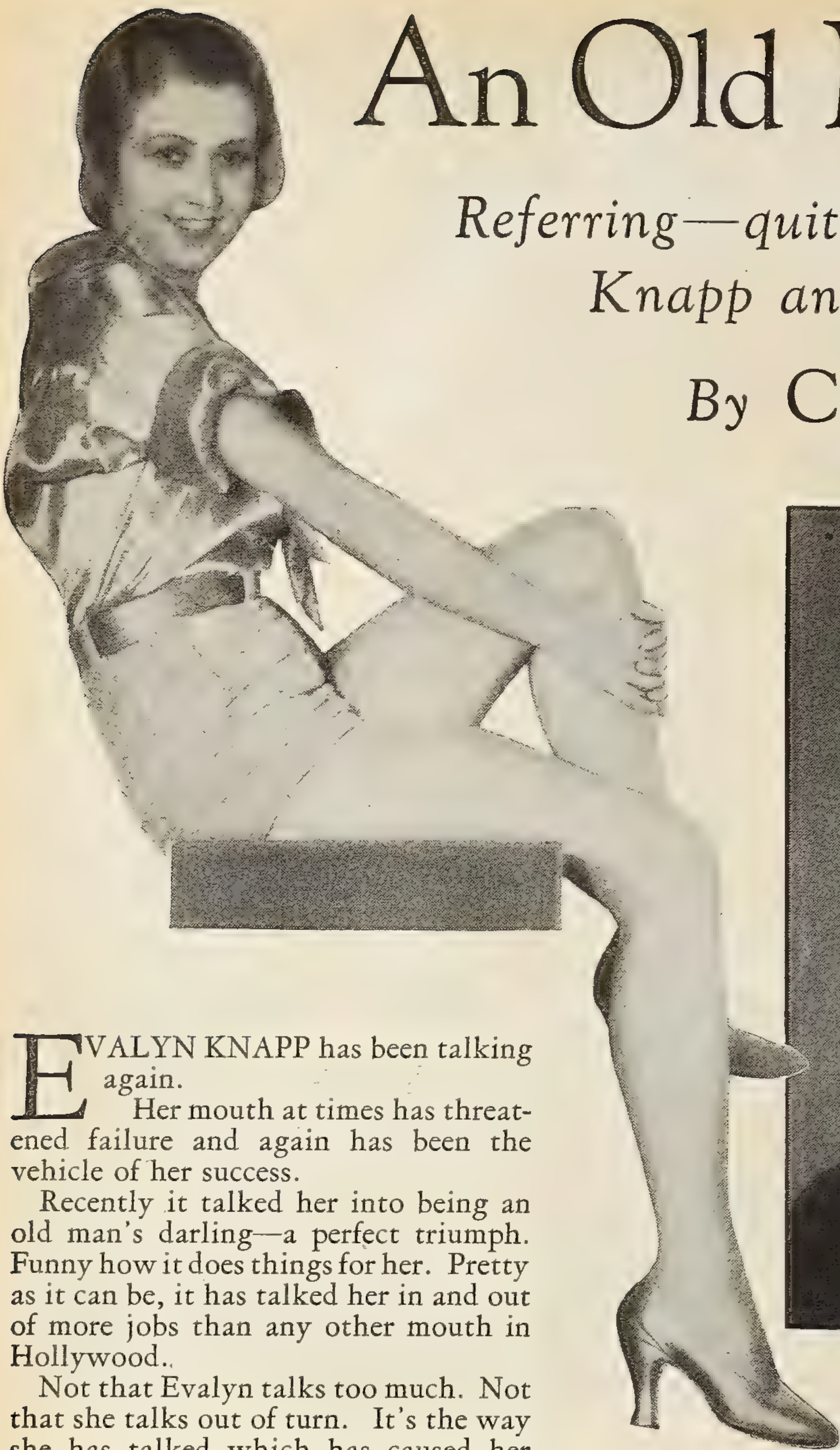
**B**EBE DANIELS shows two of the newest models in the pajama mode. You must have pajamas if you would be smart. The flowered chiffon pajamas look like a dinner dress and *should* be worn to dinner or for dancing. The other pajamas, with the chinchilla fur about the neck and sleeves, have more definite trouser lines under the overdrape of rose chiffon. The trousers are of silvery grey velvet. Miss Bond figures in another bathing suit of heavy black silk, polka dotted in red and splashed with great yellow flowers. It fits close to the waistline and has shorts beneath it. Lilyan Tashman obliges with the final perfect note, an organdie dress with eyelets of silver, and very short, white kid gloves



# An Old Man's Darling

*Referring—quite platonically—to Evalyn Knapp and Mr. George Arliss*

By Clark Andrews



**E**VALYN KNAPP has been talking again.

Her mouth at times has threatened failure and again has been the vehicle of her success.

Recently it talked her into being an old man's darling—a perfect triumph. Funny how it does things for her. Pretty as it can be, it has talked her in and out of more jobs than any other mouth in Hollywood.

Not that Evalyn talks too much. Not that she talks out of turn. It's the way she has talked which has caused her grief one moment and happiness the next.

"And what about this 'old man's darling' business?" you ask.

Well, it's this way.

Evalyn, not yet twenty-three, with very little experience in talkies, has crashed the gates of fame and played the romantic lead with Mr. George Arliss.

Arliss himself took her in hand. And who, in all these United States, wouldn't like to be taken in hand by Mr. Arliss? Lots of girls in Hollywood tried to win that coveted rôle in "The Millionaire."

The Warner Brothers studio was so cluttered up with candidates that it looked like a seminary.

Along came Evalyn. She opened her mouth and closed the deal. Pretty good work for a mid-western mouth, and for a Kansas City high school dramatic course graduate.

Now, the word has gone around that she is a success as an old man's darling—in other words, that she's so good in her rôle with Mr. Arliss—that she'll play a leading rôle opposite a certain gentleman named Lewis Stone in "You and I."

In the meantime, her assignment under Mr. Arliss has meant more to her than any experience she ever has had. If you get on the right side of Mr. Arliss—if he takes an



No professional jealousy here. Rather, great kindness and generosity. Evalyn Knapp was just another pretty girl until the great Arliss himself taught her how to talk

interest in you—he'll teach you almost everything there is to know about acting.

For Mr. Arliss is, above all, an actor. He is a very painstaking actor. Furthermore, he is a director. He has been on the stage and on the screen for so many years that he has amassed considerable knowledge, naturally.

Modestly, he imparts much of this knowledge to his cast. His main hobby is young folks. He wants to see them get ahead. His particular hobby at this moment is Evalyn. He's teaching her enunciation—that's where that mouth comes in again—dramatic presence, and other things.

You see, Mr. Arliss doesn't rush headlong into a picture. Oh, no! The payroll for his cast is about \$20,000 a week, but does that bother him? No, indeed. He rehearses, on an average, three weeks, and goes through his script twice a day with all players during this period. That's why Mr. Arliss not only gives a finished performance, but also why his pictures are finished products.

When he wasn't rehearsing David Manners, Mrs. Arliss and the rest of the cast, he was busy coaching Evalyn. He is not a whole dramatic school by himself—he's better than that, if you ask Evalyn,

[Continued on page 79]





FREDRIC  
MARCH

**H**E IS rapidly building up a reputation as one of the screen's great lovers. But he hates to be called that. It infuriates him to be compared with John Barrymore, even as a gag. Except in satire, he is not trying to imitate anyone. He proves it in "Scarlet Hours," with Nancy Carroll, by an outstanding individual performance





GRETA  
NISSEN

ON THIS and the opposite page are two pictures of artists who haven't yet gained the success they deserve. For years Greta Nissen worked on the silent version of "Hell's Angels," but it was never released. Hard luck dogged her footsteps. But at last she is being given a chance in "Women of All Nations"





CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

**W**HEN ELEANOR appeared in "The Great Meadow," people asked, "Where has she been all this time?" They forgot that she was not only an actress but a woman, the wife of King Vidor, and the mother of two children. But she has found time to come back to the screen. She'll star in "Women Love But Once"

ELEANOR  
BOARDMAN





## LILYAN TASHMAN

**N**O ONE can play a well-dressed villainess better than this girl. She was too good a free lance to be allowed to stay one, so Paramount has grabbed her for a long-term contract. Her first assignment will be "Up Pops the Devil"

ALEXANDER



## LEW AYRES

**H**E HAS refused to play saccharine rôles or even to get very much mixed up, dramatically, with this thing called love. He plays a prize fighter in "Iron Man" and after that a tough hombre called "The Baby Faced Killer." More success to you, Lew. You deserve it

RAY JONES







## GLORIA'S NEXT PICTURE

**H**ERE are the first stills from Gloria Swanson's new picture, "Indiscreet." Barbara Kent plays Gloria Swanson's younger sister, who falls in love with Monroe Owsley, with whom Gloria had sowed a wild oat or two. Ben Lyon is the man Gloria really loves, but who finds it hard to forgive her indiscretion. The picture blends emotional drama with comedy





## BARBARA KENT

appearing with Gloria Swanson in  
"Indiscreet"

***says**—"I believe beautiful hair is the most important factor in the making of a movie star—and the touch of henna in the shampoo works wonders."*

**N**OT only in pictures but everywhere, lustrous hair is a flattering frame for the face. Your hair, too, will shine and sparkle if you wash it with Hennafoam Shampoo. The tiny pinch of henna this shampoo contains will not change the color of your hair but it **WILL** bring out its natural lights in the most marvelous way! . . . Your dealer can supply you with Hennafoam Shampoo.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send this coupon with 10 cents.

**HENNAFOAM CORPORATION**  
511 W. 42nd Street  
New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your generous trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE .....



*The Priceless  
Secret of*  
**LORETTA  
YOUNG'S**  
*Beautiful Wave*

**LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER**

Do not permit your Hairdresser to use cheap, inferior wrappers on your hair. They leave the hair in a harsh, dry and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better"—insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave.

**T**HIS fascinating screen star, whose charm and beauty have won the hearts of millions, says: "The secret of feminine fascination is keeping your hair soft, lustrous and naturally wavy. There is something about soft, sparkling, flowing waves that is irresistible. I keep an alluring natural-looking wave in my hair by having it permanently waved with Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

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**Frederics VITA-TONIC WAVES**



Not Personality—but Personalities—  
that's Maurice Chevalier

# The Man With Two Souls

By  
R a d i e H a r r i s

A STRAW HAT . . . . a protruding lower lip . . . . French accent . . . . and a smile. Viola Maurice Chevalier!

He has none of the boyishness of Lew Ayres. Or the sophistication of Bill Powell. He doesn't osculate like Freddie March. Nor sing like Lawrence Tibbett. Yet he is one of the most popular idols of two hemispheres, six continents, and of fifty million movie fans who can't be wrong.

Why?

The answer, *mes enfants*, is a two letter word spelling charm. And as Barrie once said, "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you haven't it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

When Chevalier arrived on these shores three years ago, he was welcomed by Paramount with a blare of trumpets, a beating of drums, and a party at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, costing \$30,000.

I met him for the first time that night. I have been managing to meet him ever since. In his hotel suite. At the studio. On the set. In his dressing room. And I have reached the conclusion that Maurice Chevalier, the artist, is as completely disassociated from the real Maurice as Dr. Jekyll was from Mr. Hyde.

Seeing him on the screen or on the stage "in person," one is immediately struck by his buoyant charm—his unmistakable "*joie de vivre*." When he flashes that million dollar smile of his, "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world."

Here is Chevalier, the actor—the entertainer par excellence. The real Chevalier is an altogether different person.

Far from the care-free, exuberant fellow he represents, he is the possessor of a very worrisome disposition. Where his work is concerned, it allows him no peace. From the day he starts a picture until its completion, he worries about every detail of it. Unlike a great many other players, he doesn't fraternize in between scenes, but is usually found in some inconspicuous corner,



The man, Maurice Chevalier, is as different from the artist Chevalier as Dr. Jekyll was from Mr. Hyde. His next picture is "The Smiling Lieutenant" and he is making it "right now"

conscientiously studying his script.

He is determined to retire before he finds himself slipping. And yet, he doesn't want to "fade out" on a bad picture. On the other hand, he wouldn't want to call quits with a success, because the temptation of topping it would be too great.

Ninety per cent of his fan mail is written on perfumed stationery by flappers from six to sixty. Most of them are protestations of eternal love. It proves a never-ending source of amazement to Chevalier, who has never considered himself a "lady killer." It embarrasses him, when he is fussed over by the opposite sex. He prefers that privilege to be reserved for his wife and former dancing partner, the dark and piquant Yvonne Vallee.

He hates romantic parts, claiming he is unsuited to them. He fought against making "The Love Parade" because he had to dress up in a uniform. It was a box-office sensation. He was enthusiastic about "The Big Pond," because he wore overalls and worked in a gum factory. The public preferred "The Love Parade." In "The Smiling Lieutenant," he is back in uniform again.

He has more of the reserve of an Englishman than the volubleness of a Frenchman. I have seen him at various press and social functions when he looked

about as comfortable as Marie Dressler in a Joan Crawford model. Because he dislikes the art of making small talk, he rarely accepts any of the invitations with which he is deluged, begging for the "honor of his presence."

He doesn't make friends easily but when he does, his choice is cosmopolitan. He has a small coterie of them which include Kid Francis, the boxer; Battaille Henri, a writer; Tom Hearn, his manager, and Adolph Zukor. But his only intimate friend in America is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

He hates being alone.

He has no hobbies. He once tried golf. It lasted a week. He doesn't know one

[Continued on page 75]



## More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 41]



Juliette Compton, who did herself proud in "Unfaithful," shows what the latest pajamas are made of. The skirt is of white embroidered taffeta, and the waist of black taffeta and you can wear them any place you like and be very correct

JUNE MACCLOY, the blonde vamp of "June Moon," and her husband Wilbur Guethlein, are trying to beat each other to the divorce courts. Wilbur has filed suit in Cincinnati, but June says she sued him first in Toledo.

PAULINE STARKE and Jack White have separated.

HOW in the world are we to know whom Mary Brian really loves? At a recent dance she was dragged round the floor by Arthur Lake, Jack Oakie, Buddy Rogers, and loads and loads of other men.

CLARA BOW has talked vaguely lately about settling down and having babies, but she hasn't said yet whether she intends to do her settling down with Rex Bell.

Rex is said to be handling a deal whereby Clara Bow will get control of a large cattle ranch.

LINA BASQUETTE and Pev Marley have kissed and made up. They never were divorced, you know, but oh, how they quarreled!

SALLY EILERS refused to go on location to Honolulu to make "The Black Camel" because she didn't want to be parted from her husband, Hoot Gibson. She half expected to be fired for putting her marriage above her career. Instead, she was told that Hoot Gibson could go with her to Honolulu at the company's expense.

Sally, by the way, has been given the coveted title rôle in the talkie version of Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl."

WHEN Bill Powell left the Paramount lot, Carole Lombard asked to be given his old dressing room.

All Paramount thought that was a lovely sentimental touch and gave it to the luscious blonde.

But afterwards there was a lovers' quarrel. Of course, Bill and Carole made up right away.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S first picture, "Tarnished Lady" being complete, somebody asked Tallulah how she liked herself in it.

"In the first two reels I'm terrible," said Tallulah, "but when I get to the drunken scene, my dear, I am divine—I am absolutely divine."



And now, girls, we won't need a purse to carry our "mad money" in. Lillian Bond shows a specially designed handkerchief, with tiny hemstitched pockets to hold nickels and dimes



(Acme)

Will he make her happy? She's Mary Nolan, who hardly knows what the word "happiness" means. But Wallace T. Macrery, whom she married on March 28, at Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., thinks he can teach her. He's a broker, and his work takes him far from heart-breaking Hollywood

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Tay Garnett, her husband, are occupying separate domiciles. The cinema village is whispering, but Patsy and Tay are very silent about it.

THERE is much speculation as what may happen to the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne marriage when that united couple reaches the Coast to begin their first picture for M-G-M.

The devotion of Lunt and Fontanne is one of the traditions of Broadway. Both great actors and great personalities, they have played opposite each other for more than five years, and have been married for almost ten. It was love at first sight for both of them and the romance has continued. They are easily the most distinguished team on the speaking stage.

*This could happen only in Hollywood—  
An asbestos factory burned down.*

JOE E. BROWN and his business manager, Ivan Kahn, used to be the greatest of pals. But like all things in Hollywood, they came to a parting of the ways and Ivan is suing his ex-pal for commissions on the newest Brown-Warner Brothers contract.

*The little gossip bird reveals that Loretta Young, about-to-be-divorced wife of Grant Withers, has been seeing a lot of Ronald Colman of late.*

MAE MURRAY simply can't stay out of the courts.

She was up the other day again, this time charging some loan company with usury. She claimed she had to pay twenty per cent to borrow money.



# "YES—I am 39 years old!"

## SAYS IRENE RICH

*This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know*

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth."

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

Surely *you* will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for *your* skin.

#### IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS

(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."



Photograph by  
Autrey, Hollywood, 1930



IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-  
a-cake French soap

*Youth*

LUX Toilet Soap 10¢



## Robert Montgomery—He's Grand!

[Continued from page 22]

magazines. She stayed. And then Bob and his press agent came in and showed them what a truthful little darling I was. But they got what they wanted. They all got introduced to the celebrity.

We three went into the dining room.

"A nice quiet table, George," said the press agent.

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the headwaiter and gave us one plump in the center of the room, in line with the lobby.

An actress came rushing over. "Oh, Bobby," she cried. "Do you remember when we played in stock together?"

Bobby did remember and was very polite.

The owner of the hotel appeared. He remembered things about Bob. A most important newspaper columnist came along. He said he'd just sit with us a minute if we didn't mind. His minute was long enough for him to eat a three-course lunch. Meanwhile there were telephone calls for Mr. Montgomery, little notes being delivered for Mr. Montgomery. It was all just dandy. And I felt just as important as a spear of grass on the eighteenth hole of a golf course during a championship match.

Still we got in a few words.

Over our shad roe and bacon we instantly invented names for one another, Bob calling me "Pioneer" because I said I had been in the movie-interviewing business since the early days and usually wore a coonskin cap, à la Daniel Boone, when I went hunting a celebrity, and I calling him "Ingagi" because he said he wasn't the handsome dog he played on the screen but really just a gorilla. And that ought to let you know about the Montgomery charm—that I felt oh, so bright over those absurd nicknames. We were about to get going conversationally when the press agent announced that it was time for Bob to visit the Board of Censors—to charm them into passing a couple of daring pictures. Two giggling stenographers from the M-G-M office appeared and trotted off with the star triumphantly. I thought all was lost.

But there was a Santa Claus. That night, after office hours, I dropped into one of those quiet little places where glasses tinkle and various liquids shine like jewels in the smoke-laden air. And who should I find facing me across the tiny room but Mr. Montgomery and the faithful p.a.? We wished the press agent and my escort on each other and we went to it.

Bob won't talk about himself. I can tell you that. I tried to make him—and I even succeeded in making Lon Chaney talk about himself once. But Bob will not. It isn't stubbornness. It honestly seems to be a lack of interest in his own personality. I tried all the usual dumb attacks.

"Is your name really Henry Montgomery, Jr.?"

"Yes, if you must know," said Bob. "Don't you think 'Death in Venice' is the grandest book of short stories you ever read?"

"Yes," I said. "What did they call you at home?"

"Harry," said Bob. "Have you been hearing a lot of music here this winter? I like the moderns."

I tried to switch the attack. "Tell me about your baby," I said.

"Her name is Martha Bryan," he said, "but I call her Jiggs."

I asked him if she was beautiful and Bob replied that she looked just like any other baby. In fact, so much so that one night he took her over to the Chester Morris's and let her play with their daughter, with the result that he wasn't sure he brought home the right child.

"Were you as poor as reported or as rich?" I demanded.

"No," said Bob. "Both stories are exaggerated. Now they're saying my father was president of the United States Rubber Company. He was vice-president of the New York Rubber Company, something else again. And while I got hungry at times, after I was on my own, I never starved." He looked at me and grinned. "Aw, quit this," he said. "I really want to talk."

So I did quit and we did talk. I can't give it to you. When a conversation is really charming, you never remember it. I only remember Bob's wit and the amazing resources of his mind. I only remember the perfection of taste he revealed in his choice of books and plays and music, and his evident flare for life. Not that he is high-brow, heaven forbid. He is simply a young man of intelligence and energy who wants the best of everything, who was properly brought up and who is not going to stop thinking at this late date.

We talked about everything, except Bob. He talked about his work, concerning which he is serious but dubious. Metro has bought him two fine plays, "The Man

In Possession" and "Private Lives," for his next pictures. But even at that he isn't too wildly hopeful. He remembers the accident of the microphone that toppled Gilbert off his throne. He watches the careers of stars waning because they haven't had good pictures. He'd like to do serious characters but he doubts that the public would care for him very much in them. And besides, he doubts that he is much of an actor, anyhow.

We even finally talked about Garbo—because Bob said he was grateful that I hadn't asked him about her. "I respect her as much as any woman I've ever met," he said. "I don't know her at all. But I know that she is an artist, an utterly sincere artist, and that her work is the one great thing in her life, which no man, no love, no other interest can ever surpass."

The hours passed. The press agent and my escort ate their dinner, glowering, in a far corner. Bob and I ate our dinner. I haven't the faintest idea what the food was. And we went on talking, until it was time for Bob to make another public appearance at some wrestling matches.

Out of it all, I should say that this Montgomery lad can have the world at his feet just so long as he wishes—but that it won't make a great deal of difference to him whether it's there or not. He loves life and his work. He grins and mocks at it but he's human enough to get a kick out of his fame. He wants money and he will get it. He is hard-boiled in the real sense, knowing what he wants, intending to get it, and perfectly prepared to pay the price of whatever it is. But if the whole thing goes bust, it won't kill him. Somewhere, somehow, he has gone through disillusion and come out on the other side. Sometime in his past life, something swacked him hard and he learned a lot of things from that blow. He won't be hit by that same thing again. He'll grin at it, thrust out that jaw of his and keep on going—up. If anything makes him stop acting, he'll do something else—and do it brilliantly.

A poet once said that if you opened up his heart you'd find written on it the word "Italy."

Now if you opened up my heart—ah, well!

But really a man like that can certainly take your mind off your work.

## Hair—Your Finest Accessory

[Continued from page 6]

upon your age and your outlook. Things are all topsy turvy now and short hair today means older girls and long hair means younger. There is nothing sweeter than a youngster with cute ears who combs her hair back simply from her face, tucks it behind her little ears and twists it in a loose knot on the back of her neck.

For girls from twenty to eighty I recommend the bob. With the right barber and enough patience, you can do anything. Watch Garbo. Watch Norma Shearer. Watch Nancy Carroll for hair style tips. Those girls are wonders. And notice that all three of them keep the hair long enough

to let it register variety. Very short hair is limited in treatment.

Finally consider the color of your hair. Very black hair seems best worn straight. Its lovely lustre should not be broken into waves unless they are the softest possible. Dress black hair simply, always.

Red hair, reversely, is best waved. And the fluffier, the more girlish the wave, the more charming. Red hair expresses temperament, gaiety, youth. The hair-dressing should typify those qualities.

Really blonde hair should be dressed to compliment its delicacy. A blonde suggests a fragile, angelic creature—even

though Lorelie Lee was a hard-headed business woman. Here, too, soft waves are needed, and the simplest cut.

For the in-between shades come the in-between modes. Here is where both the most care and the most originality may be exercised. Because the in-between types are not so emphatic in characteristics, you can be the most original and expressive. Maybe I can advise some of you when it comes to these tricks. Will you write me, if I can? And till next month remember—don't be afraid to experiment with your hair. This way will you find the road to beauty and distinction.



# Now It's FUN

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### a Day—at Home!



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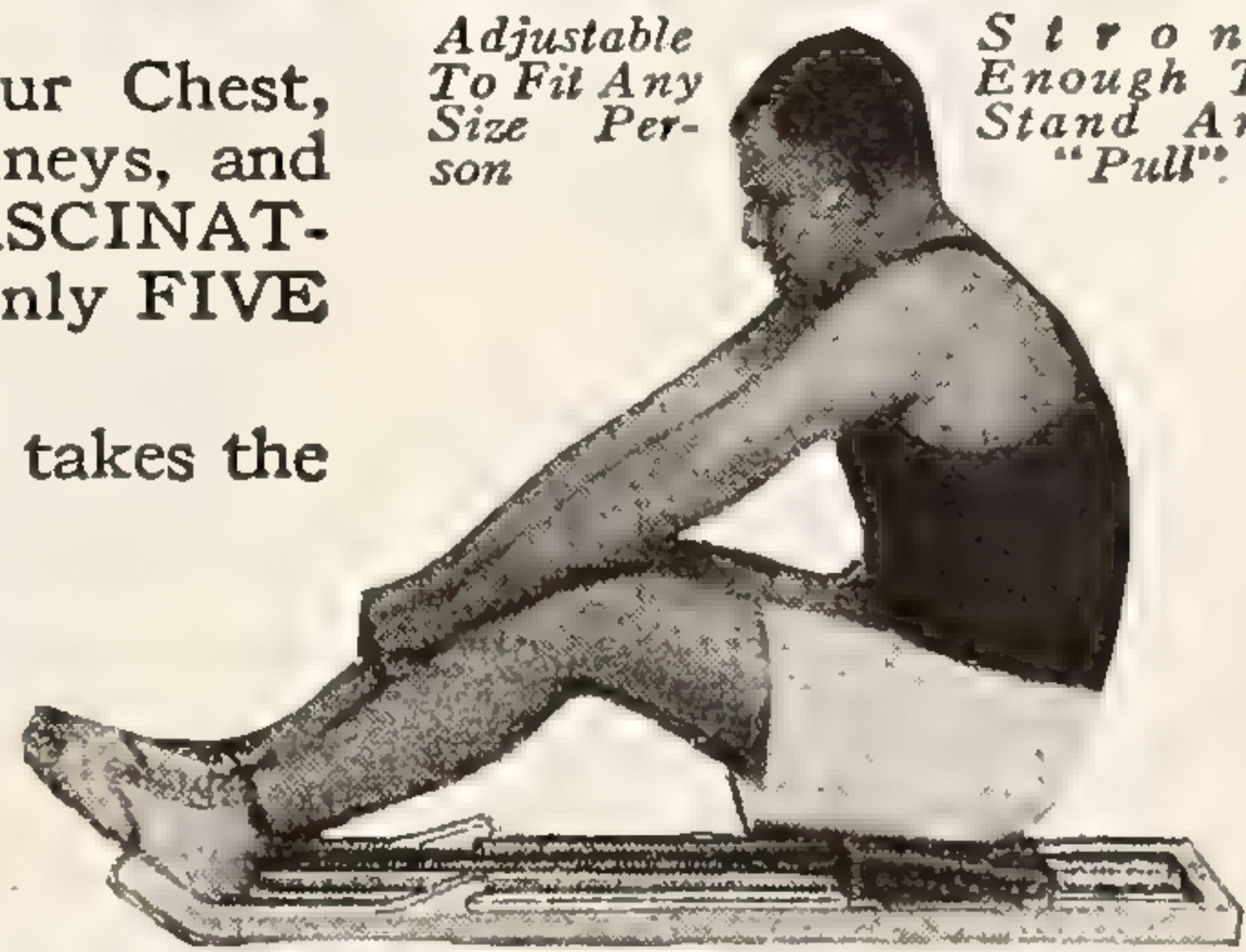
EVERYONE realizes the value of DAILY exercise. Heretofore, it has been bothersome, took too much time, and was too much like work! But, wouldn't you like to recover the PHYSICAL FITNESS and the FIGURE OF YOUTH—if it were actually FUN to do so?—Wouldn't you be GLAD to get rid of that PROTRUDING ABDOMEN and the EXCESS FAT around your hips, arms, legs, neck and shoulders IF YOU COULD REALLY ENJOY DOING IT? Wouldn't you be eager to restore natural ELASTICITY to those sagging, flabby muscles—to generate NEW HEALTH, NEW

STRENGTH, NEW STAMINA in your Chest, Back, Arms, Legs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels—IF DOING SO WERE AS FASCINATING AS PLAY... and if all this took only FIVE MINUTES A DAY?

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Although NEW, thousands of STEELFLEX FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH BUILDERS have already been purchased. A New York Physician writes: "It will reduce abdomen, strengthen muscles of the back and abdominal walls. Patients very enthusiastic." A business man writes he reduced 13 pounds in two months. Others say: "Reduced waist-line 3 inches in one month." "Five Minutes with Steelflex equal to one hour's exercise of some other type." (Names on request).

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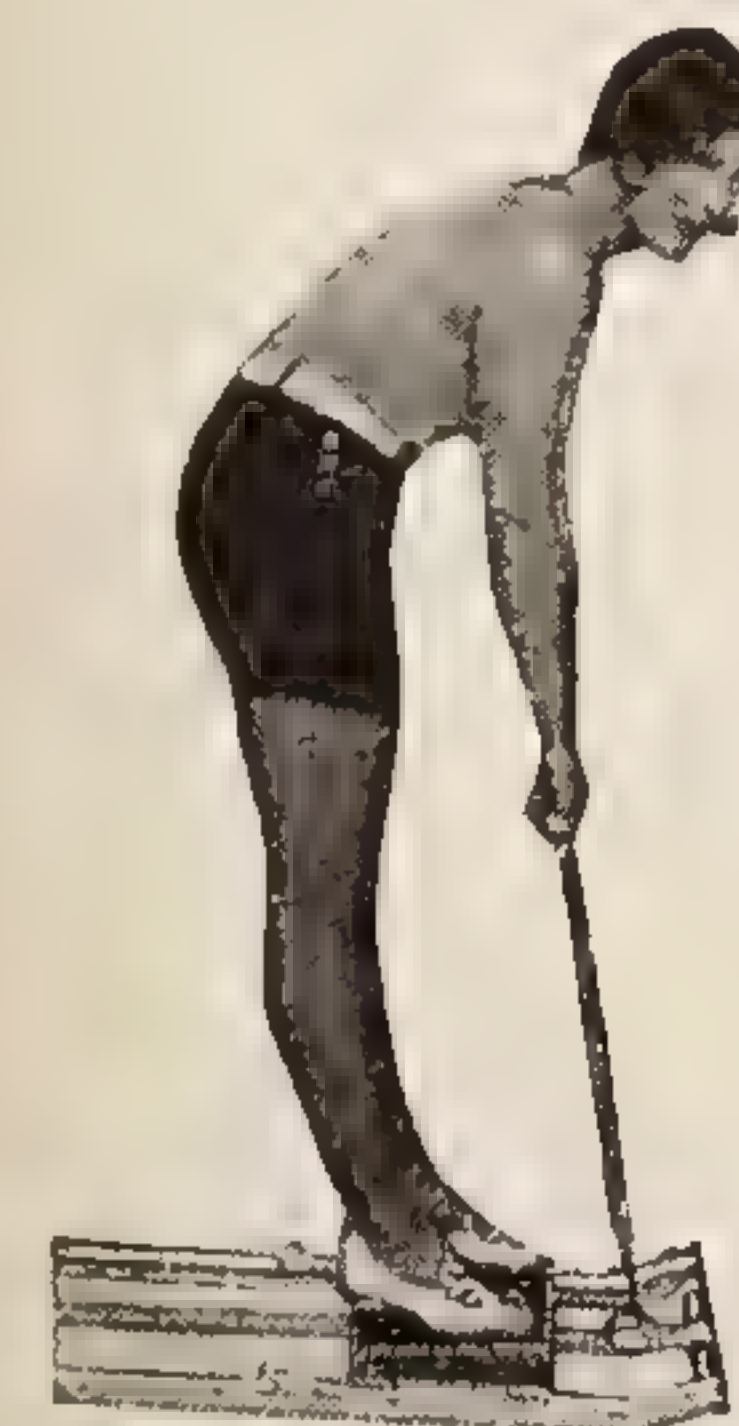
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Try this for strengthening abdominal muscles and back. Wonderful for reducing.



## The Lucky Twenty-Eight

[Continued from page 38]

Fox and Warner Brothers-First National. Fox does not stop at instruction, but has special dentists who repair the youngsters' teeth.

Warner Brothers-First National at present have Gladys Ford, originally Mary Blackford, and subsequently Janet Ford. Janet—I mean Gladys—is a Beverly Hills high school girl and won't finish until June. Scouts picked her as having possibilities after she was chosen the most popular girl at the institution. She is seventeen.

Mae Madison was Mariska Medgyzsi, a name which may or may not be pronounceable for her Hungarian countrymen. She is sixteen. Her mother was a singer and her father made violins. She is still in high school. She went to the Fox school for a while, but didn't click. Warner Brothers-First National doesn't mention Fox at all.

Eddie Buzzell, who knows about everything there is to know about the stage, was selected by Joe Brandt and Harry Cohn, Columbia executives, to pick talent on Broadway. He saw one hundred and fifty candidates and became dizzy until Susan Fleming and Loretta Sayers walked in.

Susan is a brunette with a Broadway background, and claims seventeen years. She wears a large engagement ring, but denies being in love. Someone will be sore when he reads this. She was educated hither and yon, partly in Alaska. After working for Flo Ziegfeld and George White, she is sporting a Columbia contract.

Her team-mate, Loretta Sayers, is a ravishing blonde, with a convent and private school background. Her home was in Larchmont, N. Y., until three months ago. Without previous dramatic experience, she found herself a leading lady with Buck Jones in "Red River Rogues." A friend introduced her to Buzzell. She was afraid of the camera, she told me.

Another Columbia contribution is Constance Cummings, whose big chance was in "The Last Parade." She was then loaned to Radio for "Traveling Husbands" and seems to have a good future—in the face of the fact that she was brought out here by Sam Goldwyn for a lead opposite Ronald Colman and was let out before she started. She was seen on Broadway in "The Little Show," "This Man's Town," and "June Moon" before she got her first break—opposite Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code."

Yvonne Pelletier is a rave with the critics right now. She was born at Port Henry, British Columbia, nineteen years ago. She first appeared on the stage when four. Sid Grauman gave her chances in prologues. She played a child's rôle with J. Stuart Blackton, and also appeared in "Children of Divorce" and in "Crystal Cup." She is a talented dancer. She may seem new to you in her new rôles, but she has a record of trouping.

Roxanne Curtis, seventeen, has tried fashion modeling, dramatic school and high school. She was born in Edgewater, New Jersey, and got her first chance with a stock company at Hackensack. Her family didn't know it, but eventually found out. They let her continue. She went to work for Fox last May.

Terrance Ray I can't tell you much about. He worked until 9 P.M. the night before I was supposed to interview him, and he was too tired to show up at noon. His grandfather had once owned a showboat, I'm told, and his father had once acted as entertainer. This inspired him to histrionics which, to date, have culminated with "Cure for the Blues" with Will Rogers. He played in stock for some time, and Fox discovered him when casting for "Up the River." Before feeling the urge to act he had planned being a minister.

Joan Castle, seventeen, born in New York City, was a radio entertainer until she was introduced to Gus Edwards. He suggested her to Joe Pincus, and Pincus signed her. She likes swimming and ping pong, puts her career ahead of anything else, and is glad she met Mr. Edwards. She has been in Hollywood nine months and has "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Cure for the Blues" to her credit.

Peggy Ross is eighteen, and she is from Vancouver, B. C. Private schools in Los Angeles claimed her, but she always wanted to write until a friend in the theatrical business saw stills of her and arranged for tests. She has been under contract to Fox only a short time and spends most of her spare moments attending dramatic school. She has had no previous dramatic experience.



(Acme)

Maureen O'Sullivan recently paid a visit to the home folks in Ireland, but here she is returning to our shores. She has come back to Hollywood and is getting ready for a new picture. Her latest is "A Connecticut Yankee," with Will Rogers

Minors are barred from the legitimate stage and that is the reason why Rochelle Hudson is in Hollywood and under contract to Radio Pictures as a featured player. Prior to her arrival here, she appeared before clubs, societies and school audiences with marked success, for she has both poise and beauty. She has been in Hollywood since last July. She has a record of staging a one act play while in high school in Oklahoma City and playing all the parts herself. She sings, dances and paints. Radio is casting her in minor parts.

Marion Shilling, not yet twenty, has fifteen years of the stage behind her. She has clicked consistently since her initial appearance before the camera because she is both sensible and serious. She first did "Wise Girls" for Metro. "Lord Byron of Broadway," "Shadow of the Law," "On Your Back" and "Beyond Victory" have given her an opportunity to show her ability as a feminine lead. Her father, Edward Shilling, is a well-known producer in the Middle West, which accounts for both her ability and her training. She and her father are great pals, and he's still coaching her, in spite of her increasing success.

When she was nine months old, Joan Marsh, now with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, made a film début. Her father, Charles Rosher, cameraman, used her in a small part.

She played children's rôles until she was eight. Then, for the next eight years she went to school. At sixteen she posed for posters advertising "All Quiet on the Western Front" and was given a screen test by Universal. She was used in a few bits and then Metro snared her. She tells me she neither smokes nor drinks, not because she is morally opposed to either, but because she doesn't think either would advance her career or improve her health.

Of them all, I'll place my bets on Conchita Montenegro. This young lady, born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11, 1912, will probably have her name changed to May June or some such monicker, but should get by with almost any name. She went to grade school in San Sebastian, high school in Madrid, and started dancing when she was eight. Her older sister, a dancer, got Conchita her first position.

She traveled through Europe as an entertainer and was spotted by Hunt Stromberg, Metro executive, as having the personality and the beauty and the other ingredients which make for screen success. Five months later she had mastered the English language. She was snapped into the English version of "Never the Twain Shall Meet" as a result, after doing three Spanish versions.

She looks like a smash.

Folks are talking about her around the lot, and that's the healthiest sign.

Behold the best bets of 1931, the youth of Hollywood.

Maybe, if you'd like to have some studio place a bet on you, you'll get an idea on how to do it from this story. But, if you do, you're better than I. A chance in the motion picture business is like lightning—it never strikes twice in the same place.



# Test Your Skill



## QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$700.00

**T**HE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one \$600.00 or a brand

new latest model, 1931, Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, with many extra prizes of \$100.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

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## The Story of My Life—Nancy Carroll

[Continued from page 18]

minute. We continued to go to our respective jobs every morning and to rehearsals at night. My greatest thrill over being a part of the "Passing Show of 1923" was the thought of seeing Atlantic City, Washington, Baltimore, Boston perhaps—for I knew that every large musical show opened out of town and was shaped up for a few weeks before encountering the blasé Broadway audiences. I was crazy to travel. So you'll laugh when I tell you that the "Passing Show of 1923" was practically the only big revue in history that never did travel but opened cold on Broadway.

Maybe you've heard what the night before an opening is like. I was so tired I could hardly stand up.

"Go to your dressing room and grab a few minutes sleep," Mr. Shubert ordered me. "You've got to stay here until six in the morning." Terry and I gasped in dismay. What would our parents say? We still hadn't breathed a word to them about the show.

Thoroughly frightened and almost dead for want of sleep, we got home early the next morning along with the milkman—and there was mother waiting up for us with Duty written all over her face. How father happened to miss out on this I don't know, as he was usually on all the reception committees—and wielded a wicked hand.

"Go to bed at once," my mother commanded. "I'll attend to you night-birds later."

Gosh, I was glad to get some sleep. And by the time I woke up the morning papers had been read by the entire family—as well as the neighbors. On the theatrical page was a large picture of me very much resembling the Campbell Soup Kid. "Nancy Carroll—the Baby Cherub. Something new in chorus girls."

The show had been running for many months when one day mother casually remarked, "You kicked your limbs too high, Nancy." After doing a little sleuthing and probing I discovered that she had been there at least nine times—in the balcony—but had never mentioned it. One of my brothers consented to attend a performance. His only comment was, "You had too much make-up on and looked funny." From this you can gather that as an actress I was a big success with my family.

When the show went on the road I quit, by parental request, and went into the "Topics of 1923," where in one sketch I impersonated Madame Du Barry.

And then love came into my life. Soft music, please. And with all the millionaires and titles hanging around the theatres giving out ermine coats and Rolls-Royces, wouldn't it just be my luck to fall in love with a poor newspaper man. But I've never had any regrets! I met Jack Kirkland at a Park Avenue party one evening and I believe in love at first sight. Jack says I was very aloof when I first met him, so to interest me he picked out another girl and began discussing Literature and Art with her in a high and mighty voice. I was terribly intrigued and decided that this brainy young man must be second only to

Socrates. I blinked my eyes at him and rescued him from the Italian Renaissance—and the other woman.

Our first date was rather amusing. Jack was with the *Daily News* at that time and got some passes to a show. I didn't know they were passes until later—when I learned about newspaper men from Jack. As they were excellent seats, I thought Jack must be in the money, so after the play I was all ready to go places and eat and dance. As we left the theatre, there was an awful pause. Finally, Jack magnificently bought me a soda. Another awful pause. Poor Jack had only about a quarter in his pocket and he was trying to gather up courage to take me home on the subway. I must have shown my disdain for the soda, as Jack at last shoved me into a taxi and we drove down to Park Row to his newspaper office where he had to finish up a little work—so he said. I thought he was being quite grand when he told the taxi driver to wait. But the driver knew more about newspaper reporters than I did, for he settled himself comfortably on the back seat.

Jack parked me at his desk while he scrambled around trying to round up enough money to take me home in style. To entertain myself while I was waiting, I poked about in his top drawer and what did I find but a picture of Nancy Carroll. I thought it was a plant, but nevertheless I was well pleased that the bookish Mr. Kirkland should care for my photograph. Later Jack told me that he had selected me as the "one and only" months before he even met me. The Shuberts sent him dozens of pictures every week for the paper, but he tossed them all into the waste paper basket—until one day he came across mine. Then and there he resolved to marry me—or so he told me.

Of course, Jack did the noble thing and frankly assured me that, with all the opportunities I would have of marrying millionaires, I would be idiotic to waste my life on a newspaper reporter who was making \$65 a week—and always owed that. He gave me a harrowing description of all the horrible things that happen to the wives of newspaper men. But he couldn't frighten me. What's a gutter more or less when you're in love?

We married in June, 1924, and decided on Akron, Ohio, for our honeymoon, as Jack had a college chum there. Jack borrowed a few hundred dollars and bought a second-hand Studebaker and we started off on our honeymoon in it in great spirits despite a persistent downpour. We hadn't sloshed along very far before I began to suspect things. And pretty soon my suspicions were verified. My new husband might know a lot of things about books, but he knew practically nothing about a Studebaker. Then, too, I discovered that some of the old Southern gallantry of the Mississippi Kirklands was still alive in Jack and that he was too much of a gentleman to hold up the man back of him, who was evidently in a hurry. We jolted over those Jersey roads at fifty and I had to keep my head out of the side of the car, in all that rain, to warn him about curbs and turns.



By the time we reached Trenton we were wet and mad and convinced that our marriage was the colossal mistake of the century.

But the next morning the sun was shining and everything looked brighter. Jack wasn't quite so gallant about holding up the man back of us, so often we did only a mild forty. The man behind us cheerfully drove right into us and the Kirkland honeymoon express was wrecked. But it so happened that the man was a Studebaker dealer and when he learned about our shattered bridal tour he was very sympathetic and made us take his Studebaker for the trip. So we arrived in Akron in a decent looking car. Jack grabbed his golf clubs immediately and hurried off to the club house. Then I knew why all the women in the audience used to laugh so feelingly at the Golf Widow jokes.

Back in New York we went apartment hunting. We both wanted to live in Pomander Walk, for that quaint little Bohemian block in the midst of the respectability of upper West End Avenue had a fascination for both of us. "Interesting" people lived there—the kind who write books, and the kind that books are written about. On Jack's salary we could only afford an apartment that overlooked Pomander Walk—but we were just as thrilled over that.

Jack had to work at night down at the *News* office and I was rather lonely, so when an opportunity came to be a featured dancer in the "Passing Show of 1924" I gladly accepted it. Besides, a little extra money wouldn't do us any harm.

We had been married nearly a year when Jack came to me one day grinning from ear to ear.

"How much money have we in the bank?" he asked.

"Nine hundred dollars—and no cents," I replied.

"Don't remind me about the sense. Nine hundred dollars! Whew! That's a lot of money. It isn't right that the Kirklands should have so much wealth. We must rid ourselves of this curse. We must tear off these shackles that bind us to the soil and set our spirits free. We must go some place."

"Sure," I agreed. "Where?"

"Europe," he announced dramatically. "We'll live in a garret in Paris and dunk croissants in our coffee."

For a second I hesitated. In six months I was going to have a baby. But after all, according to statistics, babies are born in France just as they are in America.

"When do we leave?"

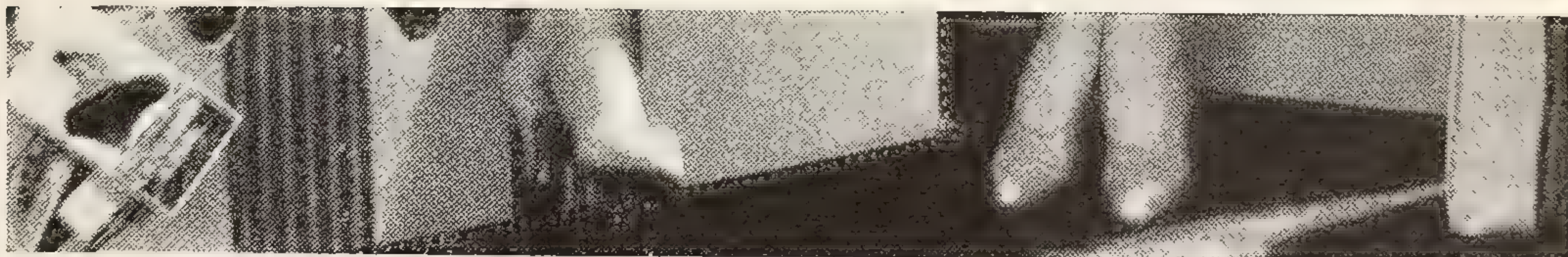
"Next week."

Can you imagine two such idiots! Here we were ready to start out into unknown lands with only nine hundred dollars (of which some steamship company would relieve us of a goodly portion) and a baby due in six months. It didn't occur to us that we were doing anything the least bit out of the ordinary. It didn't occur to us that lots of things lay ahead that might not be so pleasant. We were in love and life was wonderful—and it was just as well we couldn't look into the future.

*Next month in the July SILVER SCREEN you will read of the difficulties that faced Nancy and her husband when they went to Europe, and went broke.*



## Kotex stays comfortable —even in warmer weather



**Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary.**

**A**S vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

### *Aid to daintiness*

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It *stays* soft.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency!

Make it a point to specify Kotex.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
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Brings new ideas of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

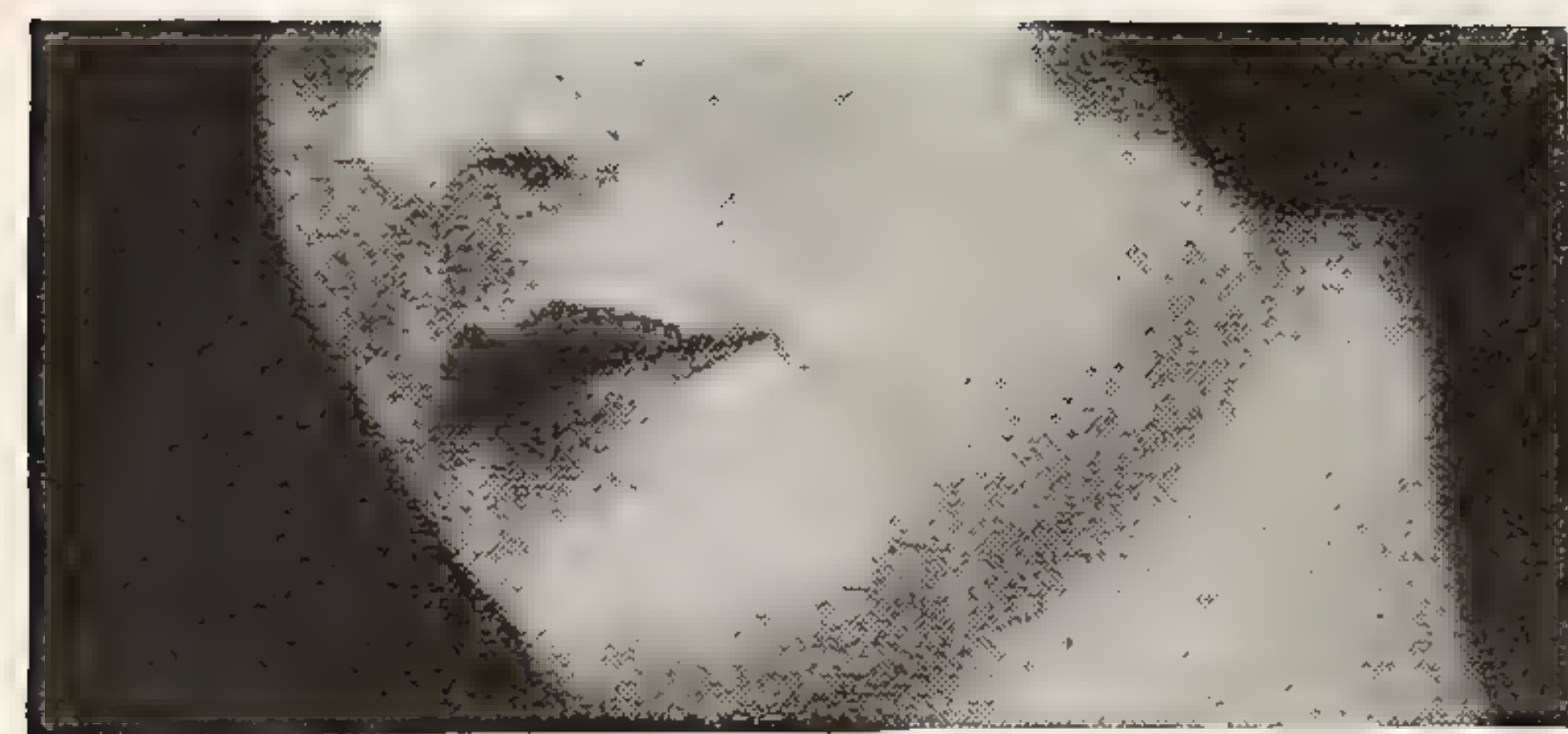
# KOTEX

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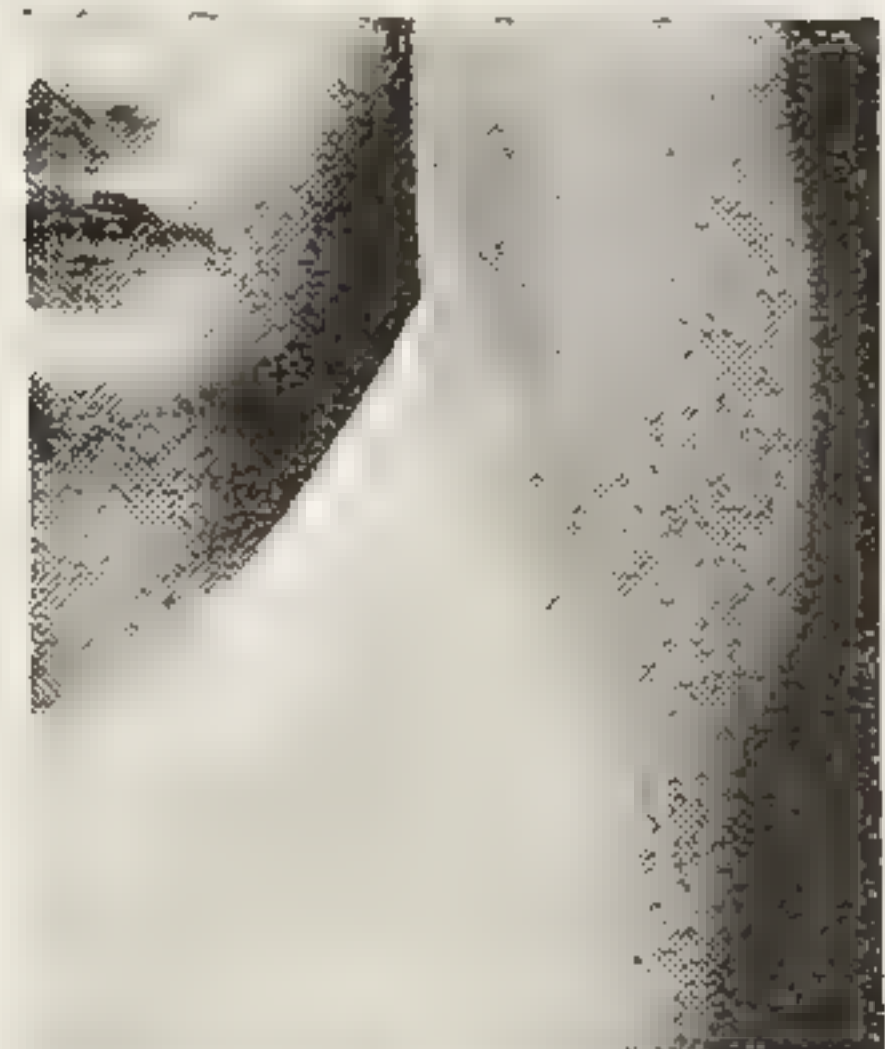
## The Strange Case of Gavin Gordon

[Continued from page 39]



### UGLY HAIRS can never grow again

**A Written Guarantee  
assures permanent re-  
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**T**HOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—removes the hair for all time.

Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant quick-drying cream, applied to the skin and left on all night. The Koremlu Cream Method may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms, and underarm.

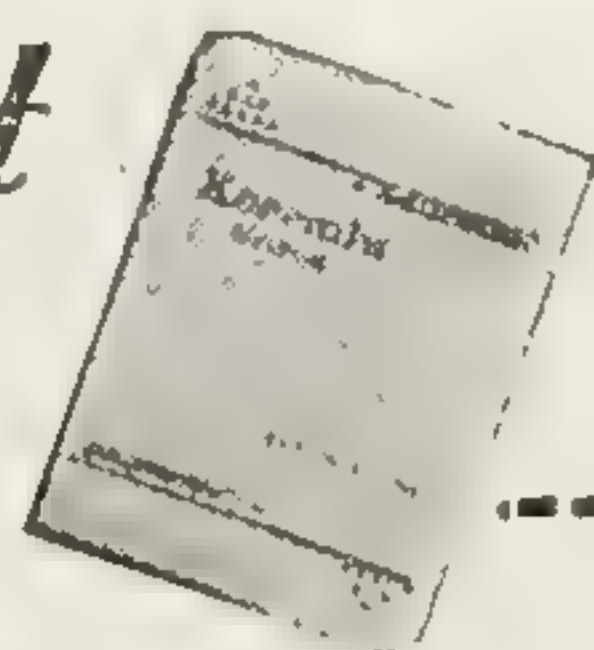
The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives *permanent* results. It removes the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroys the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

Rejoice that you can now be forever rid of all unwanted hair. Send the coupon today for our booklet containing full details of The Koremlu Cream Method.

Koremlu Cream is for sale at leading department stores (ask them for booklet). If you find that you cannot get Koremlu Cream in your locality, you may order direct from us.

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Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

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fought for everything he has, and everything he is going to get, those gods have not been for him but against him. He has not been their darling—he has been their plaything—from the time he first wanted to step before the footlights.

And he is a typical example of the strange twists that Fate can take in Hollywood.

They called him "lucky" when he got that leading rôle in "Romance" with Garbo. Stories were flashed to all parts of the world telling of this "Tennessee mountaineer" who spoke with the dialect of a hill-billy. Nothing could be farther from the truth than these misstatements. Gordon, who embodies all the "do-or-die" spirit of a Horatio Alger hero, is a polished actor and a gentleman.

Some of you who look longingly at Hollywood will understand how much plain guts Gordon has when you learn that he was born at Chicora, Mississippi, that he saw every road show which visited the little town—that he played in Y. M. C. A. theatricals and won oratorical contests—only to end in Mobile as a clerk in a grocery store.

That grocery store ending would discourage most youngsters, but Gordon didn't know what the word meant. He got a job as a file clerk with the Mobile and Ohio railroad at forty dollars a month, and out of this saved enough money to study under a dramatic teacher and, in addition, to go to night school and learn stenography.

At 19, he was secretary to the vice-president of the railroad, which was a feather in anyone's cap. But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to be an actor, and he *was* going to be an actor. Everything militated

against his chances. He finally, however, got a pass to Chicago, and landed a position as travellers' secretary on the Broadway Limited, operating between that city and New York.

"I thought that would be a good way to meet people," he told me. "People of influence."

It was.

He met Grant Mitchell, the noted actor, who encouraged him. At this time, he was 21, and no one could have been much farther from being an actor than he was.

He found time for further study in New York City, and eventually ended with the Bonstell Stock Company at thirty-five dollars a week. He was willing to sacrifice much of his salary to get a start in dramatics.

At 23 he was playing the lead in "Whispering Wires," and drawing one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Following his success in this, he was with Jane Cowl in "Paris," with Florence Reed in "Annie Dear," and with Henrietta Crosman in "Crashing Thru." Next he did "The Cardboard Lover" and "Among the Married" with Edward Everett Horton.

From this brief biography, it is hard to understand why he should be branded a "lucky Tennessee mountaineer" when he landed opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance."

It was natural that he should attract attention in these important rôles, and he did. He found himself headed for motion pictures and thrilled with the prospect. Everyone wanted to get into them. He had worked hard and felt that he deserved to be rewarded for the efforts he had made.

When he was approached, he felt that his years of struggle were over.

### THE \$500 SLOGAN CONTEST WINNER

**R**EMEMBER we promised to print the picture of the winner of SILVER SCREEN'S great slogan contest? Well, here it is. She's Mrs. Ina E. Barres of Rochester, New York, who submitted the slogan, "Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood." Can't you just tell from her picture that she's a charming woman, rather motherly and friendly? She's a housewife and has two children, a girl and a boy. This is the first contest she ever entered. It is the dream of her life to own a little home in the suburbs. The prize money is going to be used to help fulfill that lovely dream





In December, two years ago, the motion pictures recognized his talent and he was signed to a contract with Fox.

"I thought that was the greatest break I ever had," Gordon told me as we sat with his elder sister in the garden behind his home in West Hollywood. "It was, with the exception of the auto crash while working with Garbo, the worst.

"I found, when I went to work, that I was under terrific nervous tension. I tried with all my might to do my best work, but I knew nothing of motion picture technique. Above all, I believed that the Fox organization over-rated my ability.

"I couldn't relax.

"I was supposed to play the part of a suave and gentlemanly man of the world. I tried to be suave and gentlemanly, but the director insisted that I show all the delicacy and tact of an ice man or a taxi driver. After days of fighting, I broke up a couple of chairs, told the director to get out of my sight, and walked all the way from Fox Hills to Hollywood.

"The next day I told Fox executives that I thought I wasn't fitted for the part and they agreed unanimously. From that time until my contract expired, I had the most minor parts."

THEN, out of a clear sky, came the chance to play opposite Greta Garbo.

"After months of idleness and recrimination, and believing that I never could amount to anything in motion pictures—I was offered that chance of chances," Gordon said.

"I had always admired Garbo—I'd never missed a picture in which she had appeared. She seemed to embody all that was fine in acting. I realized that I could get to the very top of my profession, in one leap.

"Then came the accident—the days of pain—the kindness and sweet consideration of Garbo in holding up shooting until I recovered sufficiently to get back on the lot. I came back as quickly as I could. Perhaps, too quickly.

"With my body wrapped in yards of adhesive tape, and with an ache in every muscle, I worked. I worked harder than I'd ever worked in my life.

"You couldn't see the bandages, naturally, in 'Romance'—the actual bandages. But if you'd ever seen me in anything else, you'd have known they were there."

Following "Romance," Gordon appeared in "The Silver Horde," in a heavy and overpowering part which he did not like, and after this came "The Great Meadow."

Then idleness.

Finally, that noble gesture—that attempt to sacrifice prestige and salary and, to a certain extent, self-respect, to get into a picture with Miss Garbo again. Then came a bit in "Shipmates" with Bob Montgomery and that's that.

"It has been reported that you love Miss Garbo," I told Gordon. "Is that true?"

Gordon studied a picture of his lead in "Romance" and smiled.

"She's one of the finest persons I've ever known. Certainly she's the greatest actress. She is kindly and considerate and thoughtful and tolerant. She—"

"You haven't answered my question," I pursued.

Gordon stared at the photograph.

"A cat," he said, "may look at a queen."



## "I trust only Kleenex... to remove creams and cosmetics safely"

Says Universal's lovely star, **LUPE VELEZ**

**Even such dramatic beauty  
as hers needs the protective  
cleansing of Kleenex!**

HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

She says: "One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics."

Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex? It's because they know that you simply *must* get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

Kleenex does. It is far more absorbent than towels or "cold cream cloths."



Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as in pure white.

As Miss Velez says, "The blemishes that start from embedded dirt or cosmetics just don't have a chance . . . Kleenex is so soft and gentle, and absorbs so quickly."

Kleenex does away entirely with the ugly, germ-filled "cold cream cloths." Kleenex saves towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

### For handkerchiefs

Doctors and health authorities discovered that Kleenex is a health necessity, to replace handkerchiefs. And now thousands of people will use nothing else. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. It is discarded after a single use. Kleenex comes in packages at 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods or department stores.

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# The Love Sap

[Continued from page 43]

sort of person. She really could act—anybody with half an eye could see that—and given the chance she could easily have become one of the leading emotional actresses. But Splendor needed a wild flapper—the wilder the better. And they never missed a chance to show as much of the old sex appeal as the censors would permit. Sallie's legs were known the world around.

It was a number of years before I saw Sallie herself again. By the time I drifted to Hollywood to become a studio press agent, she had become a famous star and I wasn't sure but that she would ritz me as one of the many who "knew you when." But not Sallie. I found her as impetuous and generous as she was as a child. In a few weeks our old friendship was resumed. Bathing in Sallie's million dollar pool, or driving in one of her Rolls-Royces, or sipping cocktails in her English garden, we gossiped about our school days. We'd "Do you remember the time—" all over the place. But I noticed that Sallie never mentioned Jim.

"Jim Wallace moved away with his family to the Middle West right after you left," I said finally. "I've never heard from him since. Funny duck, Jim. Sort of fancied himself a Savonarola."

"Jim knew more about the movie industry than we gave him credit for," Sallie said, with a slight sneer in her voice. "He was right about—a lot of things."

I didn't ask her what she meant. Somehow, I didn't wish to know.

"I wonder where Jim is and what he thinks of me—now," Sallie continued softly. "He probably thinks I'm the blackest of the black."

"Aw, forget that cluck," I said. "You're the most popular star in America. You've got everything in the world."

"I haven't anything," said Sallie. "You can't kid me. I have only the things money can buy. Even my friends are bought. I haven't love, a family, or a real home. None of the things that really count."

"Aw, snap out of it," I growled. "You get no sympathy out of me, young woman. That's hokum. A million red-blooded Americans in love with you and you try to pull a poor little rich girl on me. It's none of my business, of course, but why don't you marry one of these love-sick dopes?"

"I don't know. I guess I haven't been in love since Jim. Silly, isn't it, with my screen reputation?"

"Some day you'll fall hard," I said. "And I hope he's the right kind of a guy for you, Sallie."

**S**ALLIE did fall—but he wasn't the right kind. That was Sallie's sort of luck. The guy's name was Archie Kendall.

Archie Kendall, Broadway actor, had been signed for a picture because he had a smooth voice and personality—whatever that is. But off the Main Stem no one had ever heard of Archie. So the publicity department knew that to put him over in pictures they had to break something big. They did. They decided to have him engaged to Splendor's most popular star.

There's nothing like sweet romance to make the public sympathetic and there's nothing like a sympathetic public to make a picture. Sallie agreed to be engaged to Archie—sight unseen. Another engagement was nothing in Sallie's life, as she served as a sort of love diploma for every ambitious male star.

**I** WAS with her the night she met Archie Kendall. It was at Dorothy Dare's party. He was at the piano singing a blues song when we entered the room.

Sallie clutched my arm. "Who is that man?" she whispered, and I noticed she was trembling all over.

"Oh, that—that is your newest fiancé. Haven't you read the papers? But why the excitement?"

"He looks like Jim," she said. "The same curly hair and blue eyes. I believe I'm going to like being engaged *this* time. Take me over and introduce me."

Archie did resemble Jim so far as physical appearance went, but it ended there. Debonair Archie was the gay dilettante, the gilded playboy, the man of many loves.

The Shaw-Kendall engagement was announced with the usual ballyhoo, and the couple were snapped together at least twice a day. No one in any part of the country need wonder what Sallie's fiancé looked like. And Archie was the perfect lover—as long as he didn't have to pay for anything. He certainly made a Sunbonnet Susie out of Sallie, and when I tried to remonstrate with her she effectively told me the way to the nearest exit. Sallie had fallen for Archie's line. After five lonely years, she was in love again—

Yes, Sallie was in love. You could read it in her eyes. You could see it in her up-thrust chin. You could hear it in the very way her little heels hit the sidewalks.

Sallie was in love. Her laughter ran out, constantly, about the studio. She worked incredible hours without tiring. She threw herself into her pictures with an abandon, a vitality, that made your own heart sing to see such joy of living. She had always been popular on the lot, but now she became irresistible. The electricians grinned at her as she passed, and she grinned back. The grips couldn't do enough for her. Dick Evans, her director, was in a state of bliss. He knew what a successful production Sallie was making for him. And Archie Kendall was on the set every moment of the time he wasn't working on his own picture, and he and Sallie kissed to the tune of a hundred cameras.

Of course, it was all so apparent to us, standing by and looking on. It was all so apparent that Archie Kendall was acting, charmingly to be sure, but acting, nevertheless. He said the utterly right thing—when he was where he could be overheard. He did the utterly right thing—when he was where he could be seen. Only Sallie did not seem to know. I suppose the answer on it was that, while her mind knew almost too much about life and its bitterness, her heart was still that of a child. She was like a baby, who delightfully grabs a stick of candy, without ques-

tioning where it comes from or why it is being offered.

Sallie was photographed with Archie Kendall placing on her finger the ring which she had purchased herself. Sallie was photographed giving Archie a watch which she was billed for. Madness, of course, yet there was in it a touch of something divine.

Archie Kendall was really an awful egg and yet he had good manners. Sallie's manners improved steadily. Archie could barely add above four figures but he knew how to wear clothes. The change in Sallie's costuming was startling and refining. No man really brings any woman anything, I suppose; but he can sometimes touch that hidden spark which brings out in her the qualities that approach perfection.

Meanwhile Archie finished his picture and waited for the première they had promised him at the Beverly Circle. Sallie went with him on the opening night.

The picture flopped cold. I don't know just why. The audience was friendly enough. Archie registered okay. There was a good plot. But the picture was on ice from the first reel to the last. Archie sought me out after the show.

"Sallie and I will drive you home," he said.

I wondered at that.

"I have to go back to the studio and do some work," I lied.

"Forget it," said Archie. "You make him come along, Sallie."

**I** FOUND out about it soon enough, when I sat in the limousine between the two of them.

"Well, I'll be back to Broadway tomorrow, sweetness," said Archie to Sallie.

"You're leaving?" Sallie stammered.

"When I pack the twenty trunks, precious," said Archie.

Sallie laughed up at him suddenly.

"You mean you want us to get married in the East instead of here."

Archie's face got a little white.

"It was publicity love," he said. "I thought you understood, Sallie."

"But when we were away from the cameras—those things you said to me—were they . . ."

"You're a darling, Sallie," said Archie, "and we're actors, both of us. Please remember that and don't think too badly of me. Here's your house. Let me kiss you good night and say good-bye."

A woman cries over her first disappointment in love—but not over her second. What happened to Sallie was that she went into a rage and when, upon entering her library, she beheld her secretary, Ethel Jones, rifling the drawer where she had kept Archie's love letters, she started hurling things. Ethel had her own temper and she was guilty as the devil, so they began a free-for-all which ended in the police appearing and Ethel's being locked up for disturbing the peace. Sallie had to appear to testify, of course, and Ethel read the letters she had found.

A love letter is so lovely in its intimacy when it is a message between two people,



so ridiculous when it is broadcast to a world eager to ridicule every word.

The newspapers had a grand time of it, of course. There was no sense in the whole procedure. If the letters had been written between two unknown people, they would never have been mentioned, much less heard. But the court was supplying the world with good newspaper copy.

The sympathy was with Ethel because she was making Sallie look ridiculous.

"She had to buy her own engagement ring," whispered women in the crowded courtroom. And they laughed among themselves proudly.

Everything went against Sallie until Ethel read a letter that Archie had written the little star, a letter where he had talked about Sallie's becoming his wife.

It was Sallie herself that turned the tide of feeling and she did it just because she was so completely herself for a moment that she forgot the whole world. As that pathetic, sham love letter was read to the court, she began to cry. She cried without any gestures, without any affectation, as simply as a child cries when it has smashed its favorite doll.

It was those tears that tore at all of us. Sallie was no longer a motion picture star, someone to be envied and admired. She was just a girl with a generous, broken heart. The judge rapped sharply, scolded Ethel Jones, scolded her attorney, stopped the whole silly persecution. A big, fat motherly matron hustled over to help Sallie from the courtroom into the little antechamber outside. But Sallie didn't notice any of it. She just walked along with the tears making white furrows against the rouge on her cheeks.

I got to her in a few seconds and we stepped out, among the crowd on the courthouse steps, to go to her car. Sallie shrank back a little, but she didn't need to. The crowd began cheering.

"Hi, Sallie," they called, "you're our star always." "Never mind that Ethel Jones, Sallie. She wasn't any good." "That Kendall was a bum."

I wedged a way through the crowd quickly and got Sallie inside her limousine.

"Don't be blue," I said to her, pulling her close to me and patting her pretty head down on my shoulder.

"I'm not," said Sallie. "I'm happy."

"You're what?" I asked.

"Happy," said Sallie. "Honestly, I am. I found out something in that blasted courtroom. I found out I'm just a love sap—and that it doesn't matter if I am. I found out that the important thing is loving—do you understand?"

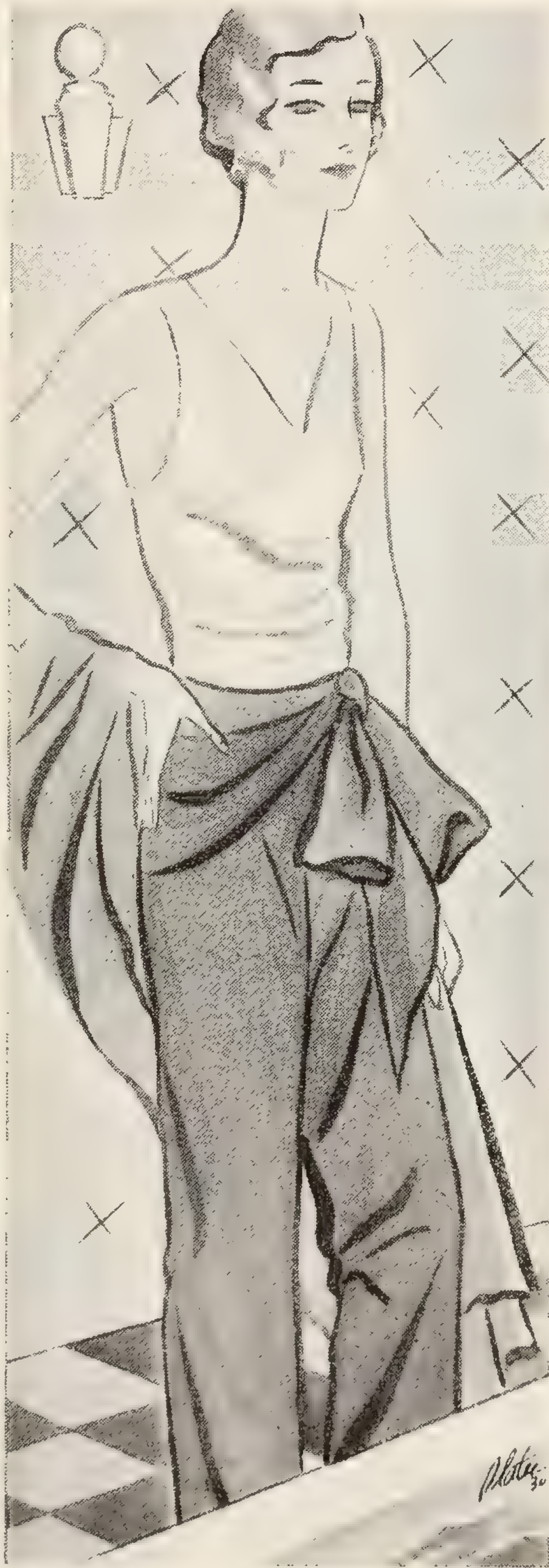
"No," I said.

"Don't be dumb," said Sallie. "Listen. I loved Jimmy, back there in our kid days. Well, while it lasted, I had a swell time. He never did. He didn't love and so he was tortured and twisted with worry and hate all the time. Now I've loved Archie Kendall. And I had a swell time this time, too. Archie didn't love me—and look at him. He's a flop. The big thing is not in whom you love but in loving. Do you get me?"

"I wish I could get you," I said. "I'm a good guy. Why don't you fall in love with me, Sallie?"

"Aw, go on," said Sallie. "I can't fall in love with you. You've already got a watch."

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## CONTROLS ASTHMA

# What Men Should Know About Women

[Continued from page 24]

"Today women are personages instead of just persons. The great mistake men make is in thinking of them for purely physical reasons, and in not taking their judgment seriously.

"The tendency of men is to avoid telling their wives of the problems they face outside the home.

"A woman loves to share a man's troubles, and can be of great help to him. Men make a mistake in not telling women of their difficulties and taking them into their confidence. Men do not take from women all the qualities of mind and heart and soul that women have to offer.

"The judgment of a woman means something. If her opinion is not highly colored by emotion, a woman can see things much more clearly than a man can. Of course, I think the idea that women possess intuition is silly, if by intuition you mean some mystic power of the mind. But women probe more deeply into a problem. They go under the little corners in thinking things out.

"Men are more apt to take things at face value. Just because another man is nice to him on the surface, a man will say, 'He's my pal.' A woman won't do that. She searches below the surface. Sometimes, of course, she probes too deep, searches too far, and finds things that aren't there. Then, naturally, difficulties begin.

"In the course of centuries, every weakness under the sun has been attributed to women.

"Men have accused women of saying 'yes' when they mean 'no' and 'no' when they mean 'yes.'

"They have accused them of changing their minds suddenly and without cause.

"They have hinted that women are not quite so bright as men—that their reasoning processes are not so clear and logical. How often we hear a man say, 'That's a woman's way of reasoning.'

"The truth is that women are far more nervously and sensitively attuned than men. Emotion touches them very deeply.

"Men have far more control over their

nerves and so they should try to be a little bit more understanding about women.

"They should never take seriously the things women say in anger. Women will say things in a moment of emotional flare-up that they will regret immediately afterwards.

"Women are much more emotional than men. Love touches them more deeply.

"When a woman falls in love, she falls so hard that she may not stop to reason. A man never forgets everything for a woman, but a woman may lose her sense of values because she loves a man.

"Men seem to be able to get over things more quickly than women do; women take them more to heart. That's why men should be more tolerant and charitable in their attitude toward women.

"It takes so very little to satisfy a woman. Women are so easily pleased that it seems strange sometimes that men do not take the trouble to pay them the little attentions that mean so much to them. It would not cost a man much or take much of his time or energy to bring home flowers occasionally if he'd only stop to think of it, and yet it would mean so much to the woman.

"And then there is that other matter of taking a woman into his confidence and sharing his troubles with her. I have noticed that all men who have made companions of their wives have stayed married, even when they engaged in terrific flirtations for a short time. Men who have depended on their wives for counsel and help and relied on their good judgment have found that their wives might even understand their flirtations!

"Women also like to flirt casually with every man they meet, but fundamentally they are more monogamous than men. They are satisfied to have pretty compliments paid them; but men are likely to want the flirtation to go further.

"Women, like men, can be divided into the romantics, the schemers, and the domestic type.

"There are the women who are too

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romantic. They expect too much of a man. They may expect him to be at their feet all the time, to think of nothing else but them. They ought to learn that it is a mistake to expect too much attention from a man, just as it is to go on making a terrific fuss over a man at times when all he wants is to be let alone.

"The scheming woman is the one who marries just to get a meal ticket. She is not interested in love just as long as she gets a good home.

"The ideal mate for a man is the domestic type—the woman who is interested in home and children, and whose love for her husband is the guiding light of her life."

## What Women Should Know About Men

[Continued from page 25]

manage him after marriage, his wife must be very diplomatic, for he is likely to be exceedingly temperamental and moody.

"The type of woman who appeals to the dreamer (yes, I'll confess, that's my type) is one who is exceedingly feminine and womanly. Personally I don't care for the clinging vine. I always think of her as sappy. She's likely to whine and nag, and hang on to a man's coat-tails. But neither would I be likely to fall in love with a business woman or one who was achieving splendid things in politics.

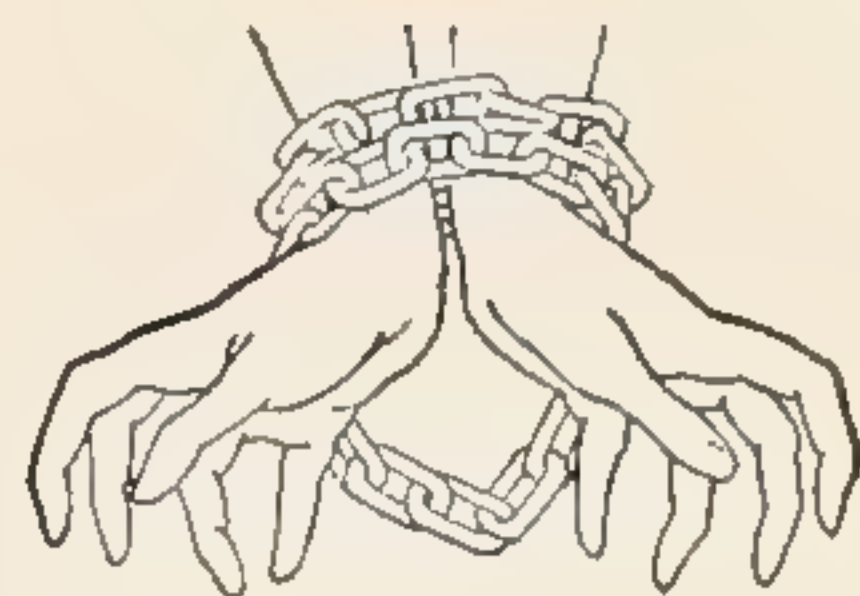
"I know that there are some business women whom a man could just love to death, but usually they give up their career when they marry. If I had married a woman in business and she had continued with her work, I shouldn't have liked it. I don't think most men do. I rather believe that a woman should marry and have children; but if she works after marriage, how can she have children, or be fair to them if she does have them and continues working?

"Of course, that may be just a personal reaction. I'm not very good at speaking in generalities. And I can only vouch at first hand for the reactions of the dreamer—the man to whom music and poetry are the food of love and life.

"I know little about the schemer—and that only from observation. He is a wilful philanderer, out for gain and for no particular good. He is profligate with his attentions, but he means scarcely a word he says. There is no sincerity in him. He always has an ulterior purpose in mind. Women are lucky if they can detect the schemer.

"The practical man is a marvellous person. His love for the woman he chooses is as deep and beautiful as that of the dreamer, but he hasn't the faculty of painting the picture quite so glowingly and he isn't as romantic. Their love is likely to be more placid, reaching neither the heights of ecstasy nor the bitter moments of despair that the dreamer feels. But the business man is just as sincere in his love, even if he is less demonstrative.

"To different types of women a different type of man might appeal. When marriage is at all successful and lasts, it is because two people who are congenial and who have much in common have come together."



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# It's Not Your Age But What You Can Do That Counts

[Continued from page 35]

that is, if they never know when they're licked. I never have, and my life hasn't always been a bed of roses.

"There are three great things you have got to have in life. Health is the most important. You can't go very far without it, and, believe me, I try to take care of mine. Then you've got to know how to laugh and have a good time. A sense of humor helps you a long way up the ladder of success.

"Now maybe you'll be surprised when I tell you the third thing you've got to have—it's religion. Everyone should have it, no matter what it is. There are many roads to God. He is a refuge and a comfort. Somehow you don't seem to need religion so much when you are young. It doesn't seem to me that I thought a great deal about it when I was twenty. But I do now. It's a wonderful thing."

MARIE snorted—at least it sounded awfully like a snort—when she began to talk of people who dread age so intensely that the heart becomes warped with fear.

"What is it that a woman wants?" she asked, indignantly. "If she wants a good time—I'm having a perfectly elegant time. If she wants attention from men—I get more attention from men now than I ever did. Maybe they don't want to flirt with me, but then I don't want to flirt with them, either.

"I wish everyone would listen to me about this, not that I think I have a divine appointment to give lectures. People should learn how to play when they are young. They should play bridge and know how to dance. Then they aren't left alone when youth begins to fade. I hate to ask people to my house who don't know how to do anything. I'd feel pretty embarrassed if I ever overheard a friend saying—'Marie is coming. Now what can I do with her?'"

Marie says the "past" is something that scenario writers use in motion picture plots. She lives in the present and future. Her past is dead and buried, and she wouldn't be particularly anxious to travel back over the years—as gloriously crowded as her life has been.

Perhaps her past is buried, and yet that past of Marie Dressler tells why she is such a success today. It tells of that indomitable, fighting will of hers. She was never a pretty girl—but she had a great deal more than sheer beauty. She had brains, and as she says, she never knew when she was licked.

Several years ago she stood on a London stage and listened to the hisses and cat-calls of a big audience. A stand she had made against her British manager had brought the disfavor of London—and she was a star from across the seas. She didn't leave the stage, and the hisses and cat-calls changed to applause.

Once again, in America, she had managerial trouble. Her theatrical tour was

cancelled. Did Marie Dressler sail for Europe until the argument was settled? Not Marie. She bought a tent, and started out on her own. And she made money. Out of her forty years in the theater she has been headlined for thirty-five. No wonder that Hollywood says that Marie is one of the most democratic stars in the business. Her name was in the electric before the present generation of stars were born.

"I've kept many of my old theories now that I'm working in pictures," she told me. "I used to forget the bald-headed gentleman who had paid three dollars for his front row orchestra seat. I played to the little twenty-five cent fellow way back in the gallery. I wanted to sweep him off his feet. If I could do that, I knew that I could get the bald-headed gentleman on the way. It's like that in pictures. I'm not trying to please just the critics. What the high brow critics call the low brow audience is a pretty good judge of motion pictures."

Marie's enthusiasm and her gratitude for the little things that people do for her is refreshing in a town where people take things pretty much for granted. I was with her one night when she picked up a San Francisco paper. In it was a tribute to her work in "Anna Christie." I cannot remember exactly how the paragraph was worded, but I do remember that it was the most beautiful tribute to an actress that I have ever read. The writer had seen moonlight over the Taj Mahal. He had seen the warm glow of sunset on the Matterhorn. He had seen Dusé at her height, and he had listened to the golden voice of Melba. All of these thrills had faded into insignificance at Marie's performance in the Eugene O'Neill play.

MARIE read it through, and there were tears in her eyes when she had finished.

"That is the most touching thing that has ever happened to me," she said. "I want to write that man and tell him."

With her enthusiasms, her interest in people, and her young heart, Marie has found the secret of youth. She can't understand why there is anything more unusual about being young at 58 than at 18.

Her interest is unbounded in her work on the screen. She wants to do a lot of pictures, and she has never refused a rôle, no matter how small, because she thought she was too big for it. If it were left strictly to her, she would rather have people laugh at her than cry with her. And she is not coasting along on her successes in "Anne Christie," "Min and Bill," and the more recent "Reducing." She's forgotten them in thinking of the new stories to come. It is possible that Marie and Polly Moran will appear in one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish" stories.

"There's another thing that I've learned about this acting game," she concluded, "you've always got to have an encore."



## The Man With Two Souls

[Continued from page 59]

card from another. He is too restless to concentrate on any other reading matter than the daily newspapers and fan magazines. He never smoked until he arrived in this country.

He is an inveterate theatre-goer.

Last year, he made a special trip from Paris to London to see Sophie Tucker perform at the Kit Kat Club. When he was asked the reason for his interest, he answered, "She isn't young and she weighs over 200 pounds. Yet all London is at her feet. I want to know why!"

Two of his favorites on the screen are Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. On the stage Bert Lahr and Jimmie Durante win his heartiest laughs.

His "million dollar" smile is no mere figure of speech. There's gold in them thar dimples! Three thousand dollars a radio broadcast. Twenty-five thousand for a week at the San Francisco Auto Show. Fifteen thousand for personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre.

It wasn't so many years ago that he received three francs an evening (all of nine cents) singing at the Casino de Tournelles.

Because of the fabulous salaries he demands (and gets) for his services, he is often accused of being mercenary. Yet, he maintains a hospital in France, the Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier, from the pro-

ceeds of a great many checks he receives.

I have seen Chevalier perform at the Casino de Paris—on the Ziegfeld Roof—at the Fulton Theatre—in Carnegie Hall, when his combined earnings could feed half of starving Armenia, but I have never seen him work as hard or give a more inspired performance than one evening in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel when he had volunteered his services for the benefit of the Actor's Relief Fund and his own Dispensaire.

He never advertises in any theatrical sheet. Or sells his name for testimonial purposes. And although he could be presented with all his suits gratis in Paris, he prefers to pay eighteen pounds for them in Hanover Square, London.

He owns no property in the United States, living in a small hotel suite in New York and in a rented bungalow in Beverly Hills. He has had a beautiful chateau in southern France for the past five years and has only spent five weeks in it.

He wears no jewelry except a combination lighter-watch given him by Douglas Fairbanks. He has no car, valet or Russian wolfhound.

He hasn't the typical French gourmet's love for extravagant cooking. His "*plat du jour*" is a Swiss cheese sandwich on rye bread and a cup of coffee.

One of the greatest disappointments of

his life was the reception accorded him on his last visit to France. Three years ago he said to me:

"I want to return to Paris at least once a year. I do not want to estrange myself from my country like so many other actors who come to America from foreign lands and never return. If I make good in America, France will be proud of me. I want to share that pride with her."

Through fortuitous circumstances, he has been able to fulfill that desire. Each year that he has gone back, he has received a tremendous welcome . . . until this year. There were undercurrents of disapproval. Rumors of an inflated ego. When he appeared at the Chatelet Theatre and the price of admission was tripled, Chevalier's countrymen considered it the final straw. The yellow journals dipped their print in vitriol. And Chevalier, heartbroken, returned to America.

He will never sing in the large music halls of Paris again. He will never sing anywhere in Paris again unless it is at a theatre where the prices are the cheapest to be found in the length and breadth of France.

In the meantime, he remains in America. Although he likes our sky-line and admires our women, he is convinced that the greatest American institution is a plate of vanilla and coffee ice-cream mixed.

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## What Gets Your Movie Money?

[Continued from page 21]

was: "Great exploitation and advertising, but they don't seem to want it."

The public pays to see stars. It pays to see them in stories packed with drama or comedy.

If the story is great enough, it can get by without star names. "All Quiet on the Western Front" contained no great names. People went to see it because it was a magnificent picture. It made stars. Notably, it made Lew Ayres.

A great star can be killed by poor stories. Her whole fan army is solidly in back of Clara Bow. They sympathize with her and pity her for the raw deal she got at the hands of her ex-secretary. But they will not go to see her pictures, so long as she is cast in insipid rôles of the "No Limit" type. "Her Wedding Night" was the most successful of Clara's recent films—and it wasn't so hot.

Bad publicity will not ruin Clara Bow. But poor stories may.

Buddy Rogers used to be one of Paramount's biggest box-office stars. He made "Wings." He was a sensation. Then he made "Safety in Numbers." The ardor of his fans cooled. Paramount put him in "Along Came Youth," expecting his fine personality to carry that drivel. It didn't. Now he's on ice. He's only a featured player, not a star in his next picture, "The Lawyer's Secret."

Even Joan Crawford, who is now running neck to neck with Garbo as a box-office attraction, was almost killed by poor stories. After "Montana Moon" the word went round that one of two things must happen. Either better stories must be found for Joan, or else she must be dropped from the roster of M-G-M stars altogether.

The result was that Joan Crawford was given the greatest picture of her career, "Paid." And in it she proved herself one of the greatest dramatic personalities in movies. Which shows that the finest box-office formula in the world is a great star in a great story.

William Haines used to be a sure money-maker for M-G-M. That was back in about 1929. Things move fast in two years. Do you suppose "Way Out West" and "Remote Control" netted Metro very much money? Hardly.

The Jack Oakie vogue began about the time William Haines' popularity began to die down. He took the same kind of wise-cracking, smart aleck part.

For a time Jack Oakie pictures went like a house on fire. The producers gambled on that. They saddled Jack Oakie with pictures like "Let's Go Native" and "Sea Legs." The result? All over the country theatres are reporting, "The Jack Oakie name doesn't mean much here any longer."

With all these changes taking place, who are the stars who are drawing 'em in at the present time?

Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are three of the most potent names with the box-office gods. They run almost neck to neck in popularity.

Paramount's best bet among the women is Nancy Carroll—provided she is given a good story. Ruth Chatterton is a great

drawing card, but she will soon begin making pictures for Warners' and we can't tell yet what kind of stories they will give her. Ruth's last two pictures, "The Right To Love" and "Unfaithful," were not so popular as some of her previous pictures.

It isn't as yet easy to determine how much Marlene Dietrich's name means at the box-office. Certainly, her success has been phenomenal; but "Morocco" had Gary Cooper's name as a drawing card, and "Blue Angel" didn't do so well at the box-office.

Marlene's current picture, "Dishonored," is the one that really establishes her right to be called a star. Though critics have panned it, it's going over big.

Marlene Dietrich is not as popular in the small towns as in the big cities. She has really shot up to success like a comet; but the box-office figures don't prove as yet that she is a rival Greta Garbo need fear.

Janet Gaynor was elected queen of the movies in a recent popularity poll, but her name means most when she is teamed with Charles Farrell. As a team they're great. Separately, neither does as well.

Everyone admitted that "The Man Who Came Back" was an impossible story. The critics said that Charlie and Janet made a Mother Goose fable out of the story of a hop-head and a gin-fiend. But the fans were so glad to see Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor together that they caused riots at the box-office.

The exhibitors were promised Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor together again in "Merely Mary Ann." When they heard that another leading man was going to take Charlie's place, they refused to buy the picture that had been sold to them as a Gaynor-Farrell special. So Gaynor and Warner Baxter will make "Daddy Long Legs" instead.

Judging by the best available box-office reports from all over the country, Robert Montgomery is at present the leading juvenile in pictures. Second to him comes Lew Ayres. Charles Farrell's third—when he's teamed with Janet Gaynor. Not so hot alone. Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro are always box-office attractions. The only fault the fans find with Ramon is that he doesn't make enough pictures. Ronald Colman maintains his popularity. "Devil to Pay" is reaping more at the box-office than any of his other talking pictures, all of which were successful. Maurice Chevalier's last few pictures have disappointed the fans. They liked him best in "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade."

Richard Dix has suddenly come back to rousing popularity with "Cimarron."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is almost as popular as the hero of his real-life romance with Joan Crawford as he is as an actor.

Richard Barthelmess is Good Old Reliable. His pictures always meet with at least fair success, and some of them are box-office winners. "Son of the Gods," which was panned by the critics, did a knockout business. It looks as if "The Finger Points" will meet the same fate.

Some of the most popular of the recent pictures were:



Dawn Patrol, Little Caesar, Dracula, Office Wife, Tom Sawyer, Devil's Holiday, the Cocoanuts, City Lights, Hell's Angels, Common Clay, Her Man, The Man Who Came Back, East Lynne, The Easiest Way, Paid, Whoopee, Min and Bill, Trader Horn, Inspiration, Big House.

Practically all of these pictures have big star names.

Three are melodramas revived from the days of our grandmothers—"Common Clay," "East Lynne," and "The Easiest Way." But they touch fundamental emotions. The stories are pure hokum, but they make you cry real tears. And all three were well acted by great box-office stars, Constance Bennett and Ann Harding.

Two of the big successes, "Dawn Patrol" and "Little Caesar," have practically no woman interest. But women went to see them. Women like thrills and excitement, just as men do.

Two pictures got into the big-money class because they were absolutely different from any other films on the market. "City Lights" has Chaplin and silence. People have been waiting for years to see what Chaplin could do with a silent picture in this era of talkies. There have been plenty of aviation pictures before "Hell's Angels," but none that have been quite so spectacular. And people go to see what this great \$4,000,000 production is like.

"Tom Sawyer" brings the children back to the theatre.

"Office Wife" is the Cinderella type of picture. Every stenographer and office girl in the audience could identify herself with Dorothy Mackaill.

People have gone to see "Trader Horn" for thrills, "The Cocoanuts" and "Whoopee" for laughs, "Her Man," "Big House" and "Paid" for drama.

"Min and Bill" had Dressler and Beery, two big box-office names in a swell though grim story.

"Inspiration" has Garbo. In addition, as one theatre in Seattle reported, "Folks seem to like this sort of dish, not mere dabs, but whole gobs of hot romance."

The success of "Dracula" was a surprise. Universal recently put out two films which reversed all expectations. They thought that "Resurrection" was going to be a great box-office picture. It had John Boles and Lupe Velez. It had been a tremendous success as a silent with Dolores Del Rio in the cast. It had, they thought (heaven knows why) a title that would attract all the young folks.

"Resurrection" was a tremendous flop.

It had been made and re-made till people were sick of it. Most of the music had been taken out of the picture. Lupe Velez's name no longer attracted golden shekels at the box-office. The critics said that Lupe out-did herself. The public didn't care.

Universal feared "Dracula" might flop with a dead thud. There wasn't a box-

office name in the picture. Lugosi, though a splendid stage actor, was unknown to movie audiences. The title of the picture didn't mean a thing to anyone who hadn't read the book by Bram Stoker or seen the play. The picture could hardly be considered pleasant entertainment. It could hardly be considered entertainment at all.

Yet "Dracula" has knocked all the box-offices in the country for a loop! It is grossing as much money—maybe more—than "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Why? It is different. It is full of horror. It has a fascination that is almost inhuman. From the day it was first shown at the Palace Theatre at Yonkers, gasps went through the audience.

It is causing people all over the country to shiver. It is giving them a thrill they never got before.

It doesn't matter so much whether a picture is drama or comedy. If it is comedy, it must make you laugh—hard. If it is drama, it must wring every bit of emotion in you. If it is a picture of horror, it must make you shiver as you never shivered before.

And that is why certain pictures have been failures. They didn't give you *enough* of what they gave you. They didn't make you cry enough or laugh enough or shiver enough.

Some of the biggest recent flops were:

Big Money, The Lottery Bride, Eyes of the World, Resurrection, Big Boy, Numbered Men, Girl of the Golden West, One Night at Susie's.

Hardly any of them have big star names.

"Big Boy" had Al Jolson. His vogue is dying out. He has gone back to New York to star in a play, "The Wonder Bar."

"Numbered Men" and "Big House" were both prison pictures. But "Big House" was a success because it gave you drama, gobs of it, while "Numbered Men" was simply a parade of prisoners.

Ann Harding couldn't put over "Girl of the Golden West." It was a revival of an ancient melodrama, like "East Lynne," but it didn't wring your emotions the way "East Lynne" did.

It was unfair to put Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in cheap claptrap like "One Night at Susie's." His is such a popular name at the box-office that his company wanted to take advantage of it by putting him in as many pictures as possible. It began turning them out like sausages. But stars must be put in good pictures for their names to mean anything at the box-office. You pay your money to see a big star, but if the story in which he acts is dull, you'll stay away from his next picture. For that's the one point the box-office proves—that any time a producer thinks the public is getting stupid, he'd better get wise.



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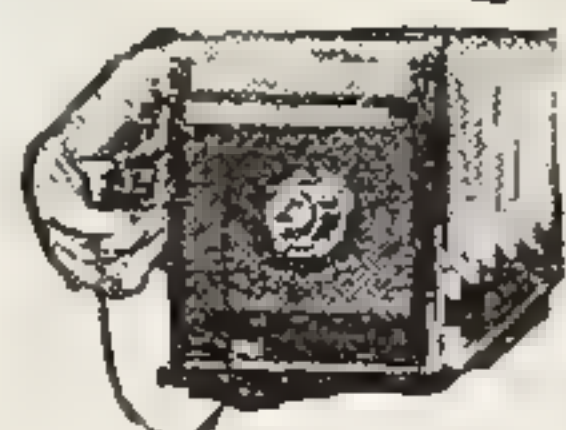
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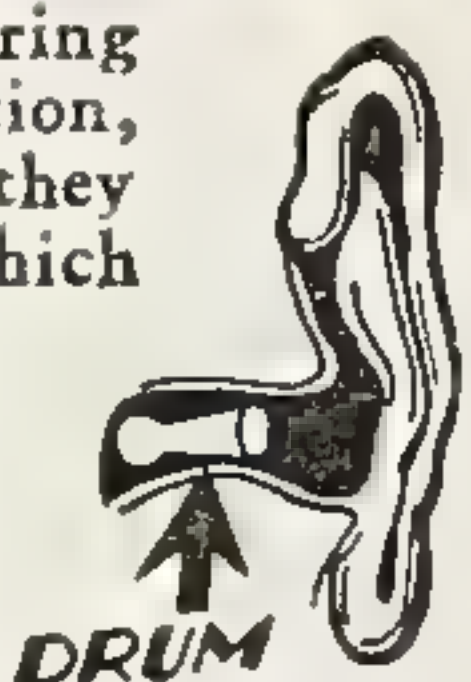
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## Ramon Novarro Today

[Continued from page 19]

the man, that he has discovered a method of expression which satisfies him—that he has found himself.

For life, in spite of the great success that has been his, has not always been kind to Ramon Novarro. Few people know of the struggles he has had, the battles he has fought within his own soul. His quality of youthfulness has prevented people from ever taking him very seriously. This, in spite of his unmistakable intelligence and artistic sensibility.

You see, his sense of the dramatic is extraordinarily keen—and in the past he has not always limited it to the screen. Ramon is prone to take things big—to dramatize his own moods and problems. It is a tendency which he will probably never completely overcome.

Not that Ramon isn't sincere in these intense moods of his. He is—desperately so. When he plays he plays with the complete reckless abandon of a child. When he flies into a tantrum it is a good thorough tantrum. When he talks of religion, of art, or of his love for his family—the three things closest to his heart—he talks with a vital glowing forcefulness that sweeps you off your feet.

I have heard Ramon talk about his two sisters who are nuns. There was pure beauty in his face—a beauty of expression which put to shame any mere regularity of feature. One story in particular I have never forgotten. He was speaking of the sister whose tragic duty it is to care for the insane in an institution in the Canary Isles. A patient in the home, a woman, addressed her one day. "Sister, have you a home of your own?" "Yes." "Have you a family?" "Yes." "Do you love them very much?" "Yes—very much." "Have they money and are they kind to you?" "Yes." "And yet you stay here?" "Yes." "Ah, Sister—it is you who are mad—not I."

Several years ago when Ramon was making "Ben Hur," he spent many months in Rome. During that period his dramatic flourishes, his devout and intensely sincere piety, his small boy sulks, and his utter grace, charm and intelligence, were the alternate joy and despair of the rest of the company. No one ever knew what Ramon was going to do next. One can't be too sure even now. He was—and still is—an amazing combination of mischievous small boy, ascetic and madman.

One can picture him in Rome, wandering through the many churches, wrapt and uplifted. Sitting for hours at the piano, while his eyes contemplated through a neighboring window the panorama of the Eternal City. Straying off to ransack the rustic shops of neighboring towns. Dressed in a most disreputable pair of trousers and an antique sweater and with the unkempt beard required by certain sequences of the picture. He would spend blissful hours window gazing, haggling with shopkeepers and finally bearing his loot triumphantly back to the hotel. Gifts for his mother and father, his brothers and sisters, treasures to beautify his home.

Ramon frequently displays a childishness, a small boy spirit of play, that amazes

people. In order to understand this side of him, you must see him in relation to his family and background. You must catch a glimpse of Ramon, the father. For since his success on the screen he has stood in that capacity to his brothers and sisters—even to his parents. There were fourteen children originally. Now there are ten—five boys and five girls. Three are older than Ramon—the two sisters who are nuns and one who is married. But the rest—the younger ones—are his children—his responsibility. He has educated them and supported them, as well as caring for his father and mother. This he loves doing—for his life is bound up with them, and his first thought is always for his own flesh and blood. There is an almost Jewish clannishness about the Samaniegos family. Yet it is not surprising that when Ramon is not in his own home he throws aside responsibility and becomes a child.

It is particularly understandable when you remember that Ramon began to work for his family while he was still in his teens. And that during his boyhood his father was very ill and the shadow of death lay over the household. He was never able to be carefree—to play as it is his nature to play. And so, when the chance came, when, still in his twenties, he found himself well able to care for his family and with plenty of money in his pockets, he became the child he had never had the chance to be.

For a long time religion dominated Ramon's life. He was often moody, silent and uncongenial. Then the other side of his nature gained the ascendancy. He began to go out to parties. He was sometimes a little *too* gay, a little *too* abandoned. He behaved once or twice in a manner that was foolish and unwise. And Hollywood, not pausing to analyze and understand, passed around the word that Ramon Novarro had gone haywire. But that period, too, is passing and Ramon is gaining a real balance, adjusting for the first time the two conflicting sides of his nature. With his richly emotional disposition, his fine intelligence, his creative genius and his indomitable will to learn, he should, given half a chance, emerge as one of the outstanding figures in the modern world of art.

Remembering Ramon's past obsessions, you may hesitate to take his consuming ambition to direct as serious. You may say, "Ah, yes, but there was a time when every fan magazine printed the fact that Novarro wished to give up the world and enter a monastery. And there was also a time when his one desire was to go into grand opera." True enough. And Ramon was sincere in both ambitions—at the time. It is no reflection on him that he has outgrown both and turned to a new and what he now considers a more comprehensively creative aim.

Ramon no longer wants to enter a monastery, although his religious sense is as deep and strong as ever. He still would like to sing in grand opera—provided he could plan and direct his own productions. He has a unique and modern conception of "Tosca" which he would



like some day to give to the world. He would sing one of the rôles himself—but that would not be the important thing. That would be only one thread in the pattern—and it is the pattern as a whole, its conception and execution—which now absorbs Ramon's interest—whether it be grand opera or pictures.

Ramon's contract with M-G-M is up after his next picture. If he signs again, it will undoubtedly be in the capacity of

director as well as actor, with the stress probably on the former. I should not be at all surprised to see him produce independently in the near future. Nor should I be surprised to see him achieve great things.

For Ramon has found himself—both in relation to his work and his life. And while there are still problems to be solved and the struggle is never-ending, he knows now, for the first time, where he is going.

## An Old Man's Darling

[Continued from page 50]

who, with only a few months of Hollywood, is "on the top of the heap."

Now we've laid the groundwork of this story about Evalyn and this wayward mouth of hers, and have given you an idea of what a real opportunity she has, we'd better go back to the beginning.

Here we are!

Evalyn was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on June 17, 1908. She didn't get stage-minded until she entered high school. After she was graduated from junior college she got a job in a Kansas City stock company under Robert P. Noble, a British director. He got up on his ear one day and announced to her:

"You've got a sweet mouth—and a nice voice—but you can't talk. I don't mean you're dumb, but your enunciation is positively awful. If you're going to continue acting, you'd better learn to speak English. Your accent is mid-western. You're nasal. You have a twang. Your mouth seems to be full of boiled potato."

This was five years ago.

Score one bitter, heart-breaking, tear-jerking disappointment for little Eva.

She spent six months in New York City learning how to speak the King's English. She got the potato out of her mouth.

Then, one day, she was given "a chance in the movies." What a moment! Pathé liked her, and shot her into twenty-nine shorts. In one of these shorts, she had to talk "gaga." "Gaga" is motion picture English for baby talk.

She'd learned "gaga" from her rôle as "Baby Talk Lady" in "Seventeen." One of the big shots heard her "baby talk" through a short and summoned her to sign a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. She put her name on the dotted line last April in New York City, and sailed for California.

Score a victory for that mouth!

When Evalyn arrived in Hollywood she was ushered before Darryl Zanuck, Warner executive.

Evalyn's mouth started moving. That was just too bad!

"Why, you don't talk 'gaga' at all," said Zanuck eventually. "I had a 'gaga' part lined up for you, but now—well, I'm sorry—"

His face fell, but not half as far as Evalyn's did.

"I'm sorry," confessed Evalyn. "I guess I got the contract under false pretenses."

Chalk up a disappointment, and charge it to that mouth, please.

However, a contract is a contract, even in Hollywood. Evalyn was tossed into an emotional rôle in "Sinner's Holiday."

Next in short order came "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and "River's End," to say nothing of "Mothers Cry."

Mark up a series of triumphs, based on that mouth.

Then the big chance! The opportunity to be an old man's darling, with Mr. Arliss as the benevolent gentleman! It didn't look like a chance at all, at first. Michael Curtiz wanted her for "The Devil to Pay" and Evalyn wanted the part.

She was told, however, that her voice might not fit. She was told, further, that Mr. Zanuck wanted to see her immediately.

List another grievous item against that mouth!

"You go over and see Mr. Arliss," said Zanuck, when she, trembling, arrived at his office.

Mr. Arliss was quite put out.

"I can't find anyone who can speak properly," said Mr. Arliss. "I thought I might try you. Read the part, please."

All excited, Evalyn did so. She hadn't read a line for three months, and she had stage fright, and she was worried and wondering. Who wouldn't be stirred up under the circumstances?

To make a long story short, Evalyn got away with it. With reservations.

"You're slovenly in your enunciation—" began Mr. Arliss. That mouth again! "However," he added, "you have possibilities."

He put her to work. Night and day grind, but more than worth it. The mouth no longer enunciated in a slovenly manner.

"Working with Mr. Arliss was a marvellous experience," she told me. "He believes in the perfection of every detail, and he demands that every member of his cast not only know his or her lines but how to read them—how to put real feeling into them—and how to pantomime—before work really begins."

"It's the greatest training I've ever had, and probably ever will have. Mr. Arliss not only tells one what is right and wrong but *why*. This is the key to progress in acting."

"He is frank and, at times, outspoken. However, he never raises his voice and never becomes the least bit excited."

"His criticism is just. He has a tendency to pull from you emotions which surprise you. He makes you do things which you believe you cannot."

Evalyn's mouth stopped suddenly.

"Gee," she said, "I've been talking again—"

And so she had been.

—And her enunciation was perfect.

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Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flake off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

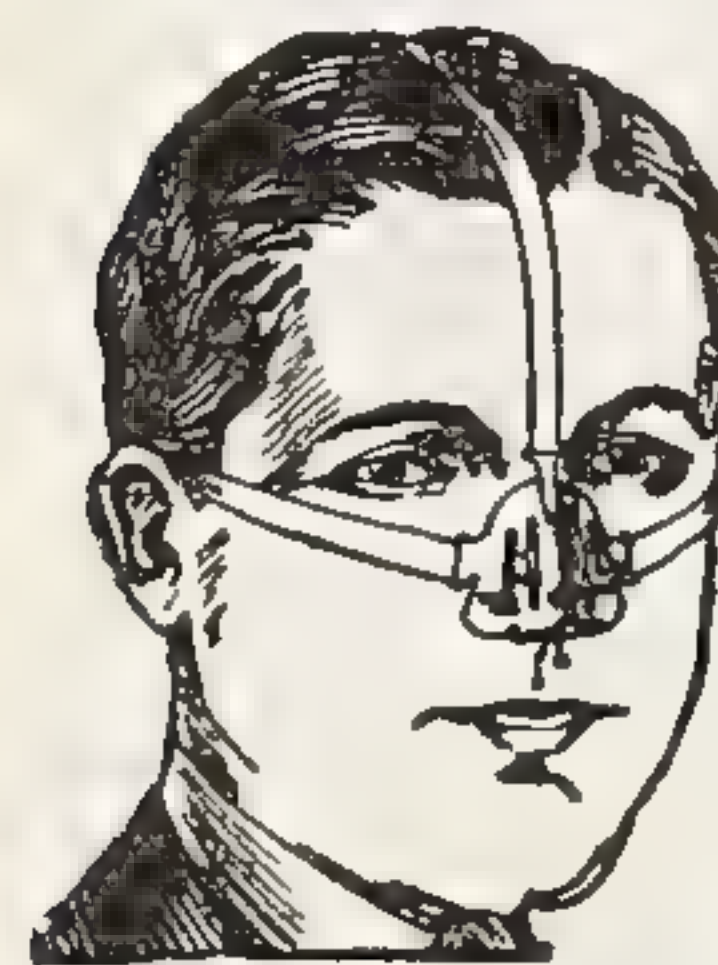
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My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remodeling the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to  
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RICHARD BLACKSTONE  
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# Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

**JUNE MOON**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

The Broadway hit has been changed somewhat, but it's still amusing, though it lacks brilliance and polish.

Jack Oakie in a light comedy about the sap who tried to be a song writer.

**RANGO**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

Educational film laid in the jungles of Sumatra. It contains some marvellous camera shots, but it's thrilling only in spots and dull at other times. Rango, the baby ape, is the star of the cast.

**KIKI**  
**GOOD**  
(United Artists)

Reginald Denny as her leading man. Mary's cast as the chorus girl who tries to vamp the producer.

Mary Pickford as a slapstick comedienne does some good work, with

**SEAS BENEATH**  
**GOOD**  
(Fox)

with more romance than war. There are some swell scenes of the battle at sea. George O'Brien heads the cast.

An adventure story that the children will find thrilling. It's wartime romance,

**LADY REFUSES, THE**  
**FAIR**  
(Radio Pictures)

self as an underworld girl hired to lure an Englishman's weak son when he is already straying. Gilbert Emery and John Darrow are fair as the men.

Slowness of action keeps this from making the grade of better pictures. Betty Compson is her usual vivid

**SINGLE SIN**  
**POOR**  
(Tiffany)

sinner who reforms. The story raises the question, "Should A Woman Tell?" but doesn't answer it.

Kay Johnson's considerable talents are wasted by casting her as a drunken sinner

**LONELY WIVES**  
**FAIR**  
(Pathé)

tears, depending upon how much you like broad, bedroom farce. Three women and a man with a dual nature are jumbled together. The cast is good. Not for children.

It's hard to rate this one, as you'll either laugh hilariously or be bored to

**STRANGERS MAY KISS**  
**GREAT**  
(M-G-M)

for the sake of a great love. Norma's perfectly grand, and so are Bob Montgomery and Neil Hamilton.

Norma Shearer comes back in a swell dramatic love story about a modern girl who violates conventions

**MAN OF THE WORLD**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

owner, preying upon society. Comes love and reformation. A beautiful production and exciting. The girls are Carole Lombard and Wynne Gibson.

William Powell as William Powell—but you know how nice that is. This time he's a newspaper

**TAILOR MADE MAN, A**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

aleck, he's a tailor who falls in love and gets into money difficulties. Dorothy Jordan's the girl.

William Haines does some excellent acting in this one. Instead of being forced to play a smart

**TEN CENTS A DANCE**  
**GOOD**  
(Columbia)

lar. It isn't as well staged, but the acting is better. You can't help sympathizing with the character of the dance hall hostess Barbara Stanwyck creates. She's great.

The plot and situations in this are the same as in "Honor Among Lovers." Even the dialogue is simi-

**MANY A SLIP**  
**GOOD**  
(Universal)

some clever comedy has been added. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the lovers.

A story about the intimate love affairs of a boy and girl, to which

**MEN CALL IT LOVE**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

Hyams, good; Norman Foster, the husband, fair; and Adolphe Menjou, the philanderer, swell.

Quiet, slow-paced triangle story of married life, intelligently treated. The triangle consists of Leila

**THREE GIRLS LOST**  
**FAIR**  
(Fox)

Young, Joan Marsh, and Joyce Compton. John Wayne is the hero. The story hasn't been too well produced.

The story of three girls who get mixed up with love and the Chicago underworld. The girls are Loretta

**PARLOR, BED-ROOM AND BATH**  
**GOOD**  
(M-G-M)

cause of his reputation as a great lover. Bedroom farce, which pleases those who like slapstick.

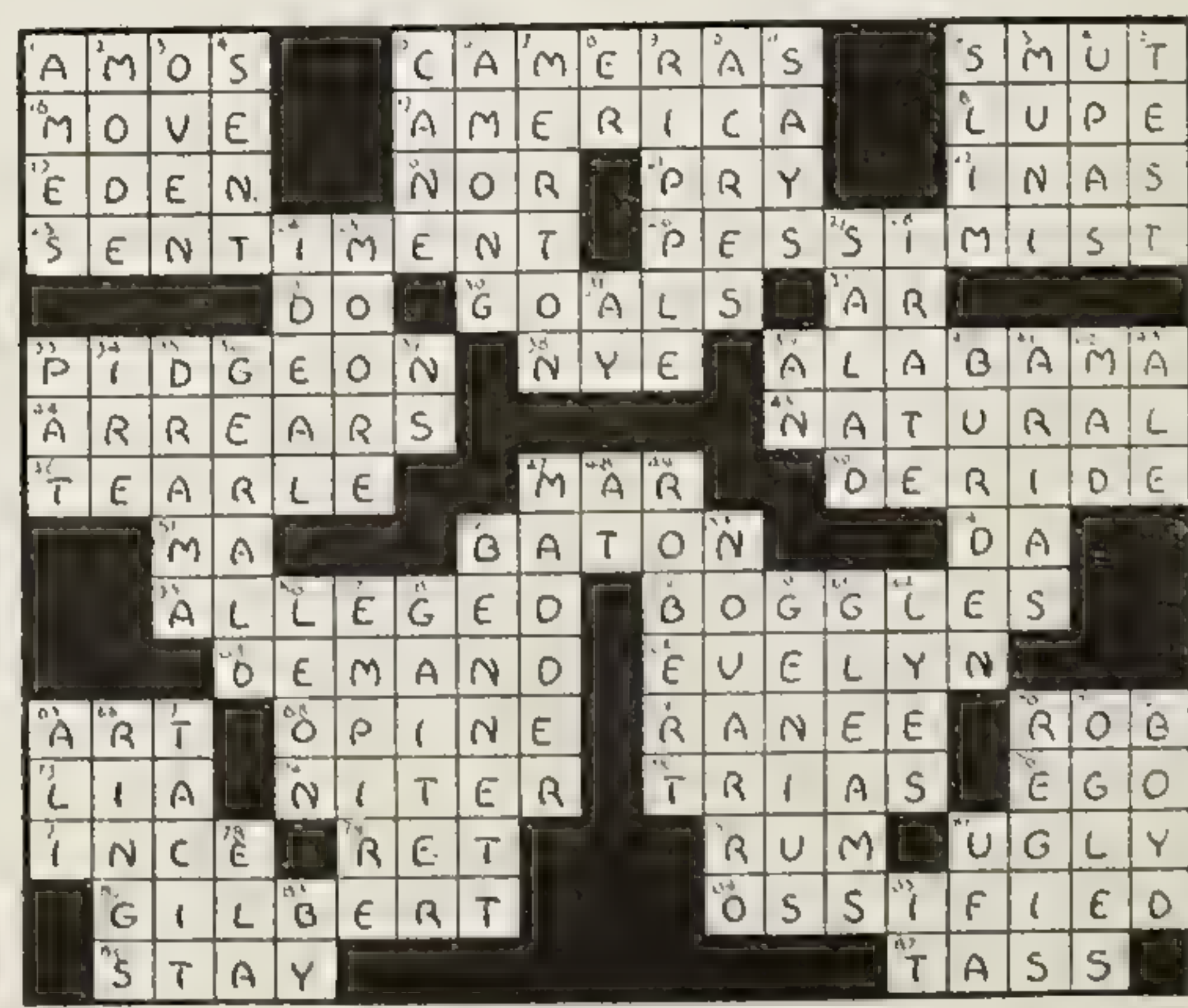
This is very rough fun. It's fast and furious, with Buster Keaton as the lad the ladies are mad about be-

**UNFAITHFUL**  
**GOOD**  
(Paramount)

to hide her husband's escapades.

There isn't much to this, but Ruth Chatterton will make you take it and like

# THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE





## Is Garbo Doomed?

[Continued from page 23]

patient to conserve his or her strength by rest and seclusion. I would urge absolute temperance."

Think these things over carefully. Light exercise, such as walking. Sunshine and warmth. Diet. Freedom from excitement. Rest and seclusion.

While the story of Garbo's illness has been guarded carefully, a few intimates have known of the terrific heart-breaking struggle she has maintained to keep her health and to continue with her work.

There has been some fear that if the truth were known about her physical condition her fans might lose interest. And yet, in the face of it, those who are devoted to her, in all parts of the world, will understand and will sympathize with her in even greater measure than ever before. No one can help but admire courage and fortitude, and Garbo has the grim, fighting spirit of her Viking forbears.

Garbo's illness first became known to one prominent magazine writer several years ago. The writer knew a physician who was working in consultation with a noted European specialist on the case. Her diet was made public at this time, but Garbo was only a struggling actress, just on the threshold of the career which has made her the favorite of millions, and it did not attract wide attention.

Few understand the graveness of pernicious anemia. For this reason, even in later years, little attention has been paid to her illness by those who come in contact with her.

If the physicians are correct in their diagnosis, Garbo has suffered much unfair criticism.

Her quest for seclusion has had an unfavorable reaction. She has been called temperamental and exclusive. The press has been active in its condemnation because she has excluded it from her scheme of things.

Those who have sought to entertain and to win the friendship of Garbo, on being repulsed, as it were, have not understood the rebuff and have charged her with an exalted ego and with other uncomplimentary traits. All very unjustly.

On the set, she has conserved her strength for the tremendous scenes which she has gone through in the making of some of the greatest romances which have ever been brought to the screen. And yet there are those who have been barred, who have said:

"She's high-hat."

But, after all, whether or not she has been unjustly criticized—whether she is liked or disliked by those who would like to know her but cannot—she is a great actress. She is an artist and a genius, whether or not she suffers.

Perhaps she will retire within a year, if she loses the fight which she is making.

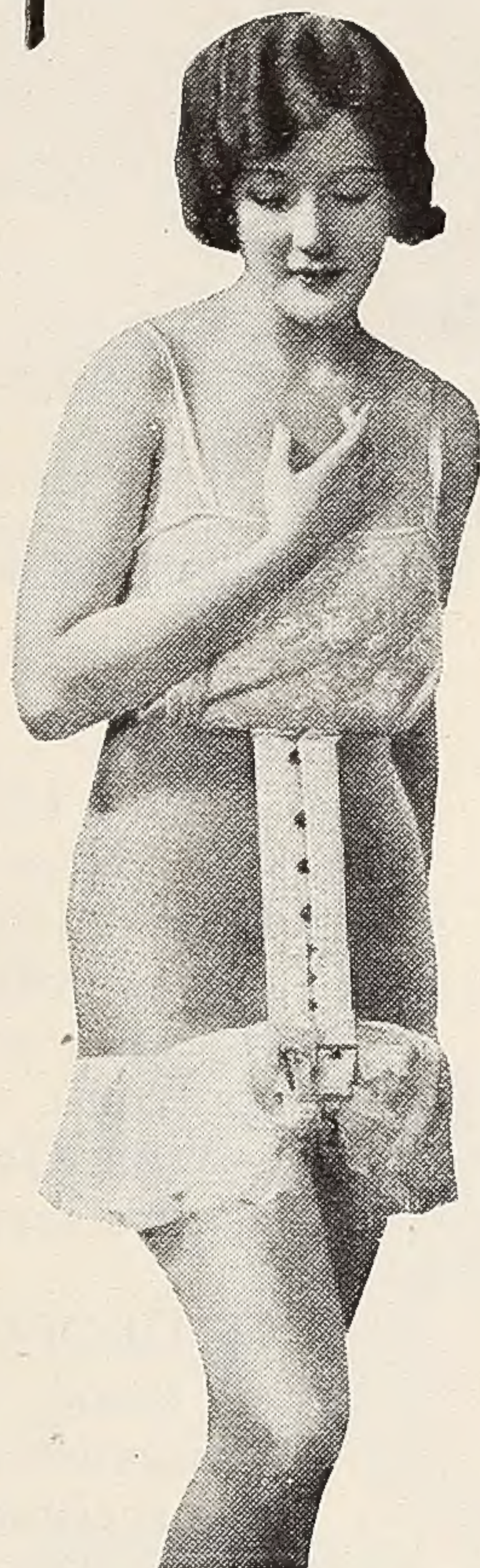
Perhaps she will be lost to the screen forever.

Let's hope not.

But, if her physicians are correct, she needs the charity, the kindness, the consideration and the understanding of those she entertains.

It is hard to live in a world of shadow.

Free  
proof



## Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced

*without dieting, drugs or exercises*

**W**AIST and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in 10 days. That's what the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—at our risk.

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## What's Happening to Richard Arlen?

Once he was Paramount's most promising star. Great things were predicted for him. Fans and critics were wildly enthusiastic. Now he is cast in horse operas. He is the hero of dull and mediocre Westerns. Why? Read the July issue of **SILVER SCREEN** for the answer.

## \$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$

*For Silent and Talking Pictures*

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, Copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF SILVER SCREEN, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for April 1, 1931. State of New York, County of NEW YORK, ss. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State of New York, personally appeared ALFRED A. COHEN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, and county aforesaid, personally appeared ALFRED A. COHEN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SILVER SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, RUTH WATERBURY, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, RUTH WATERBURY, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, ALFRED A. COHEN, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; WILLIAM GALLAND, 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. ALFRED A. COHEN, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of April, 1931. (SEAL). Notary Public, NATHAN REIGROD, N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 55, Reg. No. 1R3. Commission expires March 30, 1933.

## WILL HE BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS SCREEN KID IN THE WORLD?

Read **SILVER SCREEN'S** story on Jackie Cooper and judge for yourself. It'll appear in the July issue of **SILVER SCREEN** on sale on all news stands June 10.





# The Final Fling

**T**HIS will give you a faint idea of what an editor is up against.

From the publicity department of Warner Brothers recently came this little note:

"Will you kindly note the following title changes:

"The Genius," starring John Barrymore, becomes "The Mad Genius."

"The Idol," starring Edward G. Robinson, becomes "The Four Flushers."

"Woman of the World," starring Bebe Daniels, goes back to its original title, "The Maltese Falcon."

"Virtue's Clothes," formerly "Jackdaw's Strut," starring Constance Bennett, becomes "Bought."

"Upper Underworld," starring Walter Huston and Loretta Young, becomes "The Menace."

William Powell's first picture with us is not to be "Heat Wave" but "Co-Respondent."

"The Passionate Sonata," starring Dolores Costello, becomes "Expensive Women."

"Spent Bullets," starring Richard Barthelmess, has become "Spent Heroes."

Whereupon Warners' publicity director, famed for his grand sense of humor, adds, "I hope this does not confuse you more than it does us."

Well, it doesn't confuse us so much. We're used to it. All the companies change titles restlessly, with Fox leading the pack. But it may explain to fans why sometimes they see pictures reviewed in *SILVER SCREEN*, under one title, which reach them named something else again.

Of course, our favorite title change will always remain that of M-G-M's in the silent days when they changed the name of "Annie Laurie," starring Lillian Gish—a film and a performance about as exciting as a nice cup of cocoa—to "Ladies From Hell."

**N**EWEST note on the Garbo menaces. Pola Negri has returned to Hollywood to star for Radio pictures, the argument being that no company's program is now complete without an exotic foreign star. Paramount has its Dietrich. Fox has its Landi, and the others are busily shopping.

What Garbo has to say about all this is what she always says—which is nothing.

**T**HEODORE DREISER, returning from Hollywood, threatens to sue Paramount if the picturization of his novel, "An American Tragedy," is not satisfactory to him. He says Hollywood is "just a small town with notions" and that "motion pictures are making the American mind smaller than it is, if that is possible. I am not interested in what they are doing to the children of America. I am not interested in children. But motion pictures are making the kind of persons one sees in motion pictures."

To which we can only say that we hope Mr. Dreiser is right. We hope all the kids growing up are as human and lovable and genuine as Mitzi Green, Jackie Cooper, the Coogan brothers and that elegant bunch "Our Gang." We only hope that the girls growing up have the exquisite beauty of a Loretta Young, the grace of a Joan Crawford, the subtle minds of a Swanson or a Shearer. And the younger crop of boys are pretty grand, too—Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, Bill Janney, to mention just a few and leaving out the electric Montgomerys, Colmans and the like. A race of men that grew up in that mould wouldn't be so bad.

But chiefly—and here we expect to draw down all of Mr. Dreiser's scorn on our unimportant head—we'd think it was pretty wonderful if the movie ideals could be generally accepted; if people could die for the finer ideals and live for the greater ones; if life could be so beautifully managed that romance and loyalty and beauty and courage as the movies give them to the world could become the common property of all of us.

*Ruth Waterbury.*  
EDITOR.





# This **life color** makes a lovelier "you"...

OF ALL THE TINTS and shades in which make-up color might be presented, there is but one true life color. Soft, illusive, yet real as life...a color that breathes charm and loveliness...a color that beauty chemists long sought and at last discovered—Phantom Red.

In any light, on any skin, with any costume, this phantom-like color holds its fresh bloom. To the white skin of fairest blondes, it brings the tint of primroses; to skin of ivory tone, it brings a golden blush; to brunettes of sun-tanned shades, it gives that brilliance and depth that only such complexions may use. For Phantom Red accents with color while it reveals your own complexion tone, blending perfectly, giving individual beauty.

This marvelous life-color may now be yours, in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge Compact—and with the equally smart Phantom Eye Shadow and Phantom Brow, your make-up necessities are complete. They are sold at leading toilet goods counters, at the following prices: Phantom Red Lipstick in smart red and black swivelcase, \$1.00. Juniorsize, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact, 75c. Phantom Eye Shadow, paste form in enamel case, blue-gray or brown, \$1.00. Stick form in enamel case, 50c. Phantom Brow,

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for **ANY** shade of **HAIR**



These three charming girls are Esther Ralston, Patsy Ruth Miller and Laura La Plante, all featured in the Pathe Feature Film, "Lonely Wives"

## Quick, New Beauty!

**N**O matter what your shade of hair, you can quickly give it new charm and beauty by caring for it the Jo-cur' Way. It can **always** be soft, silky and lustrous—clean, fragrant and absolutely free from dandruff, with a lasting finger-wave that is simply fascinating! And you can do every bit of it at home—quickly—easily—and what's more, economically. First, a Hot Oil Treatment, that discourages dandruff, gives new health to the scalp—new life and youth to your hair. Then a fragrant, luxurious shampoo with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate\* gives your hair the fluffy softness, the satiny sheen that mean perfect cleanliness. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jo-cur' Wave-set—the finger-waving liquid that sets alluring, natural-looking finger-waves for over a million women. And finally, a touch of Jo-cur' Brilliantine to bring out the captivating loveliness of every wave. Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each is composed of the best material money can buy, regardless of price—and each can be obtained in generous sizes at most 5 and 10c stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids tonight!

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*Beauty Aids  
for The Hair*



\*Entirely different!  
After wetting your hair a spoonful will give you a luxuriously lathering shampoo.